

AUGUSTA HISTORICAL BULLETIN



Published by the
AUGUSTA COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

VOLUME 16

FALL 1980

NUMBER 2

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Founded 1964
Post Office Box 686
Staunton, Virginia 24401



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450 Copies printed by
McCLURE PRINTING COMPANY, INC.
Verona, Virginia

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Captain James Patton Comes to America 1737-1740

Richard K. MacMaster*

Colonel James Patton took a major part in the settlement of western Virginia. As land speculator, promoter of emigration from his native Ulster, "the first British Subject that had petitioned for land" in southwestern Virginia and eastern Tennessee, advocate of frontier defense, and wilderness diplomat, Patton has a secure place in the history of Virginia. He was one of the original justices of Augusta County, the first sheriff and county lieutenant to command the Augusta militia, represented the county in the House of Burgesses, and helped organize the Tinkling Spring Presbyterian Church. His career was a remarkable achievement for a man who was 48 years old when he settled permanently in Virginia in 1740 and was killed by Indians at Draper's Meadow in 1755.

Described as "a man of gigantic stature, handsome and dignified," James Patton was recognized from the first as a man of influence and a leader in colonial affairs. In 1737, while he was still a ship's captain in the tobacco trade, the Virginia Council acted favorably on his petition for 30,000 acres.

The Rev. John Craig, his pastor at Tinkling Spring, indicated in his autobiography that Patton could be arrogant, willful, and even spiteful. But no one ever accused him of too small a vision.

Modern scholarship, particularly the research of the late Preston Davie, Howard McKnight Wilson, and Patricia Givens Johnson, has restored the measure of the man and his achievements. But his most recent biographer has acknowledged that "Mystery shrouds James Patton's activities before coming to America."¹

The letter books of Walter Lutwidge, a merchant of Whitehaven on the northwest coast of England and Patton's employer, shed some new light on the man and his maturing plans for a Scotch-Irish settlement in the Shenandoah Valley.²

Walter Lutwidge was an Irish Presbyterian. He had entered the Virginia trade as a ship's master. He knew at first hand the scene on the James and the Potomac and the tricks of factors and

ship's captains, as he was fond of reminding those in his employ. He began trading on his own account about 1710. Thirty years later he owned a half-dozen ships and shares in others and imported upwards of 1,200 hogsheads of choice Virginian tobacco that year. It was his boast that "he traded to all parts of the world with great applause."³

Lutwidge was typical of the self-made men to be found in Whitehaven business circles in the 18th century. The town had only come into being late in the 17th century. There were places in Massachusetts and Virginia that were old by comparison. Whitehaven had developed as a port to exploit the coal mines along the West Cumbrian coast. John Spedding, agent for Sir James Lowther, the principal landowner, is credited with the foresight to develop both collieries and port facilities; Sir James, known for good reason as "Farthing Jemmy," provided initial capital for coal and shipping.

Whitehaven's position on the Irish Sea gave her a virtual monopoly on the coal trade to Dublin, Belfast and other Irish ports. In 1685 Richard Kelsick of Whitehaven made a pioneering voyage to Virginia. The merchants of the town got into the Chesapeake tobacco trade in a small way over the next decades. Whitehaven ships carried mixed cargoes of English woolens, iron and brass, and Irish linens to the Chesapeake. They picked up indentured servants and passengers in Irish ports. Servants were an important part. "Servants engages good substantial planters for their entire crops," one tobacco merchant reminded his agent, in contrast to the smaller amounts of tobacco accumulated by retail purchases of nails and dry goods.⁴

With much of the tobacco trade in the hands of the London merchants, who could be both marketing and purchasing agents for the larger planters, Whitehaven traders dealt with smaller growers. They set up country stores and sold goods for tobacco. They concentrated on the poorer quality tobacco of the Rappahannock, the Potomac, and Maryland, all that was left to them. The tobacco was immediately reexported, mainly to Holland, although some went to Ireland. The Dutch market preferred the bright tobacco grown in Maryland to the sweet-scented tobacco of the York and James. And they thrived. In 1722 Whitehaven imported a million pounds of tobacco. That figure doubled in five years. By 1743 it was ten million pounds and only London had a greater share of the Chesapeake market than tiny Whitehaven.⁵

* Presented to the society May 14, 1980.

The captain of a Whitehaven ship was a key man in this complex network of sales and purchases. He had to make all the decisions. Consultation with the home office would take months. He was the one link with the English, Irish, Dutch, and Virginia markets. A miscalculation in the price of timber or tobacco could, and did, turn a profitable voyage into disaster.

James Patton was a ship's captain in the tobacco trade at least as early as 1730. Two extant letters make it clear that his commercial interests were mainly in Maryland. One letter written in 1730 spoke of Patton's great misfortune. According to Walter Lutwidge, Patton had caused the collapse of the Kirkcudbright Company. His employers could prove nothing against Patton and, convinced of his innocence of any wrongdoing, Lutwidge "brought him out of his scrapes" and "made him commander of a vessel."⁶

If Patton had Lutwidge's confidence, he had little else. Some of his contemporaries in the Chesapeake trade had become merchant-planters with broad acres of corn and tobacco in Maryland or Virginia, others had gone home with money and connections enough to become merchants and shipowners in England.

James Patton had a plan. The great Virginia planters had influence in the Governor's Council. They could obtain warrants and patents for thousands of acres on the frontier. But they needed settlers to make these land grants valid and profitable. Patton could bring settlers from Ireland on one of Lutwidge's ships. In return for this help, the Virginia partner would obtain a grant of land for Patton and his kin.

William Beverley of Essex County, Virginia had obtained extensive land grants in the Shenandoah Valley. In August 1737 he wrote to James Patton that the Council had approved a grant of 30,000 acres "and that I am willing you should hold one quarte/r part of it being at 1/4 pt of all ye charges & doing your utmost endeavour to procure families to come in & settle it." Beverley anticipated no problems, "for we all 3 propose to make money of the Land & to that end I propose to hold it undivided & to sell out & make ye most we can of it, unless either of us shou'd have a mind to make a settlement there for our own use & then we might have what we have occasion for laid off & appropriated for ye purpose." Beverley was a straightforward land speculator. In another August 1737 letter, he told Patton, "I should be very glad if you could import families enough to take the whole off from our hands at a reasonable price and tho' the

order mentions families from Pensylvania, yet families from Ireland will do as well."⁷

Patton was active in recruiting agents and would-be emigrants in Northern Ireland, either by letter or in person. An advertisement published in *George Faulkner's Dublin Journal* for April 18, 1738 suggests his success in this:

The Ship Cockermouth of Whitehaven, Burthen 250 Tons, newly rebuilt, and well fitted, manned and victualled, mounted with great Guns, and a sufficient Quantity of small Arms, Captain James Patton Commander, will be in Dublin the latter end of April, or Beginning of May in order to take in Passengers for Virginia, Maryland, or Pensylvania; (those for Pensylvania to be landed at the Head of Chessypeak Bay, either at Bohemia Landing or Elk River.) Whoever is inclined to go in the said Ship from Dublin, may apply to Mr. Matthew Houghton, Mr. John Hornby, Mr. Campbell Merchants there, or to the said Captain at Mr. Heath's at the Flag on Temple Bar, or on the Custom House Key, and on the Change at Change House, who will article with them.

The said ship, when victualled and fitted, will sail directly from Dublin to Loughswilly in the County of Donnegal. Whoever is inclined to go with her from thence as Passengers, to any of the aforesaid Places, may apply to Mr. Collin Campbell, Mr. John Preston in Derry, Mr. Daniel M'Farland near Burn Cranoughy, to Mr. John Hutchinson of Glenvain, to Mr. Robert Smith of Rathmullen, and to Mr. David Thompson of Rathmalton. Those from Limerick must apply to Mr. Isaac Patton, or to Mr. Charles Linde at Coleraine, and at Monaghan to Mr. William Jeeb.

Those from the Counties of Tyrone and Armagh may apply to Messrs. James and Thomas Sommervill in Dungannon, who goes with the Ship with their Families.

All the aforesaid Gentlemen will enter into Articles with passengers according to Custom; The Ship being five foot one half between Decks, which is very commodious for Passengers, and may assure themselves not to be crowded, but in all respects civilly used.

N. B. Any Tradesmen or others that have a Mind to

go as Servants, may apply to the Captain or Gentlemen aforesaid.⁸

When this advertisement appeared, Captain Patton was already on the Irish Sea but in a different ship. The *Walpoole*, another of Lutwidge's ships, cleared customs at Whitehaven on March 16, 1738. The reason for the change of vessel is unknown.⁹

We do not have Walter Lutwidge's instructions to Captain James Patton for this voyage. He was doubtless to call at some other port, perhaps Belfast, where Lutwidge's son-in-law represented his interests. The *Walpoole* lay some weeks at Dublin. Patton was still there on April 28 when Peter Burke's indenture papers were signed.¹⁰ Then they were off for Lough Swilly.

Lough Swilly is an arm of the Atlantic Ocean reaching about 24 miles into County Donegal. Rathmullen and Rathmeltoun, two towns on Lough Swilly, are both close to Kilmacrenan, home of the Patton family. This explains Patton's choice. It is also close enough to Londonderry City at the head of Lough Foyne to enable the *Walpoole* to pick up the Prestons and any emigrants they had recruited. The voyage to Lough Swilly was doubtless dictated by the success his agents had elsewhere and the need to take on passengers and baggage.

With 65 passengers on board, the *Walpoole* crossed the Atlantic and sailed into Chesapeake Bay on August 23, 1738. Her captain took her up the Potomac to Alexandria, where she was duly entered at the Customs House on August 25, 1738.¹¹

Contrary to Walter Lutwidge's express orders, James Patton kept the *Walpoole* in Virginia over the winter of 1738-39. She sailed again, with Captain James Patton on the quarterdeck, clearing customs on April 28, 1739. The *Walpoole* carried 95 hogsheads of tobacco from James River in addition to 316 hogsheads from the Potomac and was bound for Kirkcudbright in Scotland. Walter Lutwidge landed his tobacco there, rather than in Whitehaven, because he gained certain advantages from the customs officers there.¹²

On September 2, 1739 Lutwidge wrote Captain Patton, "I rec'd yrs advising of yr arrival & yt you have thought of taking in your timber where you are. I leave it to yr own prudence." Patton was apparently at Rotterdam when he wrote Lutwidge on August 24, as Lutwidge expressed his surprise in a letter of September 12 to Archibald Hamilton his agent at Rotterdam, that "Patton did not deliver you the whole 100 hogsheads."

While Patton was in Holland, Lutwidge had opportunity to go over his accounts for the voyage to Virginia. "I am amazed at ye Charges of ye Walpools Cargoe," he wrote one of his Virginia representatives on September 18, 1739. "Last year, so far as I can see it will cost upwards of 2000 /pounds/ prime /tobacco/ (an abstract herewith I send you) and according to ye sales it should not cost that many by 500 ll. I have been so hurried with Business yt I have only time to make Cursory Inquirys into things." Lutwidge calculated that the tobacco brought home in the *Walpoole*, including 95 hogsheads of James River tobacco "for Servants" and 30,000 pounds from Maryland, had a total value of £ 294,500. The *Walpoole* had carried out goods worth £60,000 and servants valued at £80,000. With the bills drawn by Patton on the Potomac added in, the voyage had not been a profitable one. Since his business agreements with Sir James Lowther were souring, Lutwidge was pressed for money.

Patton sailed the *Walpoole* into Whitehaven harbor on October 9 and Lutwidge promptly sent her off to Dublin, consigned to John Hornby, with a shipment of coal and another captain. Hornby was directed to secure a cargo of Irish linen.

Patton and Lutwidge settled their accounts early in November. "Mr. Patton and I are not quite right," Lutwidge confided to an associate in Rotterdam, but they "ended friendly tho at first I thought otherways." A few days later Lutwidge was writing: "Your friend Patton has prov'd — this to yourself, you must be upon your guard with him." On November 19 Lutwidge wrote to Patton:

I have yours of the 12th Inst. & agreeable to your request sent Mr. John Thompson your Notes to whom youll pay the same. I have perused yr severall Items &c & weigh'd them as a just Lord Chancellor ought to doe & can't help thinking you must in your own Conscience believe I know every part of your accts. all most as well as were I the person that Carry'd the Bag. Its allways a maxim with me, to drop all resentments when affairs are Ended, but if my oponants Incline to Carry their resentments farther, I dont, I own, follow our saviours Doctrine so far, as when I get a Cuff of one side to turn the other.

To John Thompson, Lutwidge wrote the same day: "I am hartily sorry I was ever persuaded by you to settle with Patton, but I think his letter to me displays his dislike thereto. I am willing to open affairs again, and let him do his worst."

What precisely had Patton done? On Christmas Eve Lutwidge wrote to James Johnson in Virginia:

I must own I have met with boath knaves and fools in plenty, but of all ye Knaves I ever met with, Patton has outdon them all. James Concannon can tell you of his viloney which I dare not repeat; he charged no less than 6,000 lbs of fresh Beefe in Virginia, 40 barrels Indian corn and everything else in proportion, took 15 servants to himself at a clap. In short, Hell itself can't outdo him.

Patton's Shenandoah Valley settlers had evidently subsisted over the first winter at Walter Lutwidge's expense and fully fifteen of those Augusta County pioneers had been indentured servants Lutwidge had intended to sell for James River tobacco.

Why did Lutwidge hesitate to have the Captain put in jail? He explained to Provost Johnson at Kirkcudbright on December 29, 1739:

You'll be surprized to hear that he and I should fall out, but if I was able to give you in a letter the Conduct of that man you would say as I do that a greater — could not be. I'll give you a sample. His crimes was such that when he found I had found him out he said if I would not pass his account /he would/ be like Sampson at his death, tho he never was at kirkcudbright when I either landed or shipt a hogshead, Except when he went last from thence and then I am sure we had but straight justice.

Patton evidently knew by hearsay that the Kirkcudbright customs men allowed Lutwidge to land tobacco without paying the full duty.

Unfortunately for Lutwidge, Patton had put his finger on his employer's weakness. Still sputtering with a rage that caused his clerk to delete expletives in the letter book, Lutwidge wrote the same day to Robert Harries in Rotterdam:

There is some little favour Got in No. Brittain and in order to intimidate me he declared he wo'd inform tho' he had no more knowledge of my affairs in No. Brittain than you had, he never being upon the spot when I either shipt or landed. I need go no farther to give you an idea of the man and this to me who brought him out of his scrapes, with the relation to the Kirkcudbright Company oblig'd by his ——— to break up and afterwards to make him Commander of a ship and send her round the world to transport passengers to settle his plantations in Virginia & transport his family & maintain them for upwards of 15 Months & after doing all this he had the Impudence to appropriate

the Servants he carried over to his own use; in short, he resolved as it was to be his last voyage to Stick at nothing to get money.

Aware that the best defense was to take the offensive, James Patton had protested an attempt by Lutwidge and Harries to seize Patton's effects in Rotterdam to pay a defaulted note for £ 50, when Patton was well aware that he had appropriated "3 times as much of my money as was intended by the letter of Credit" given him to conduct business in Rotterdam. Lutwidge wrote Patton:

If your dissatisfied with whats don and will declare to provost Johnston that you again open the account and meet me in westminster hall to settle the same I shall give my consent, for whatever you may say you must know it to be settled much in your favour, perhaps not less than 5 or 600 pounds /sterling/ if otherways and youll pay your bill to provost Johnston all will be quiet as to me, if otherways dont wonder that I use all methods thats honorable to oblige you thereto.

James Patton was at Whitehaven on January 6, 1740 and came to a final agreement with Walter Lutwidge. "I have got an end with your friend Capt. Patton and I pray God keep every honest man out of his hands." But it was not quite the end. On February 3, 1740 Lutwidge wrote Patton, who was apparently in Holland "intending soon to go for Virginia," that he was informing Harries that the defaulted note had been paid. "As for the rest of your Letter it's not worth answering only that a few more Gilpins, Wilsons & Pattons wo'd soon have brought me to my Primitive."

Lutwidge's last word on his experience with James Patton was in a letter to Archibald Hamilton on March 10, 1740.

I woud order something Else but I am afraid of patton whos mallis runs so high that he acted the part of an insindory towards me in order to gett me to Comply his wicked imaginary acct. to the amt. of a large sum and as I Contem'd him under that light, knowing right well he had no knowledge of any mal Conduct in me he since Declares he'l order my ships in Virginia to be search'd and if any goods be found in them Not taken in in England he'l Cause them to be seiz'd there. I submitted as far to his accounts as to give up upwards of £ 120 besides his keep /ing/ my ship over year in Virginia Contrary to Express orders. After we had signed & not before he began with Insendry letters and the like. It's not in the power of my pen to sett forth the wickedness & impudence of that man and a rogue which I took out of the bryers when his former owners fell out with him for the same crimes which I Charg'd him with but the /y/ were ignorant and Did not know

where to lay there fingers the /y/ laid them on the shadow and Did not see the substance which made me Conclude he had been ill used by them so advised them to give up there Demands but since I have been Convinced he and them as he has Don me and much wors. He made a great noise about your Charge against him about the bills of Lading and insisted upon my paying that sum as it was for my business. He never was on board my ship from the time he went to holland until he sail'd but one half hour. I have mett with many bad masters but he Exceeds them all by which method he has pick'd up £ 1500 or £ 2000 & this he now bosts of.

By the time Walter Lutwidge wrote these lines, James Patton was on his way to Virginia. The rest of his story belongs to the Shenandoah Valley and the frontier that Patton and other Ulster Scots would push further south and west. If Lutwidge's captains and tobacco factors carried home stories of land grants and Indian fights, no further mention of James Patton can be found in the letter books.

1 Patricia Givens Johnson, *James Patton and the Appalachian Colonists* (Verona, Va., 1973), p. 6. See also, Howard McKnight Wilson, *The Tinkling Spring: Headwater of Freedom* (Verona, Va., 1954, 2nd edition, 1974).

2 Two letter books of Captain Walter Lutwidge, covering 1739-1749, were discovered by chance by the late Professor Edward Hughes in the office of a Newcastle-on-Tyne lead company. He deposited them in the Cumbria County Record Office, The Castle, Carlisle, Cumbria, England.

3 Edward Hughes, *North Country Life in the Eighteenth Century, Cumberland and Westmorland* (London, 1965), pp. 29ff.

4 Richard K. MacMaster, "Instructions to a Tobacco Factor, 1725," *Maryland Historical Magazine*, 63 (1968), 172-178.

5 Daniel Hay, *Whitehaven, A Short History* (Whitehaven, 1966), p. 27. Jacob M. Price, *France and the Chesapeake* (Cambridge, Mass., 1972), pp. 590 and 594-604.

6 Draper Manuscripts, Wisconsin Historical Society, 1 QQ, pp. 2-3. Microfilm in Augusta County Historical Society.

7 "Some Letters of William Beverley," *William and Mary Quarterly*, 1st series, 3 (1896), 226-227.

8 *George Faulkner's Dublin Journal*, April 18, 1738. Microfilm in N.Y. Public Library. John Hornby was Lutwidge's Dublin agent. John Preston in Derry was Patton's brother-in-law.

9 CO 5/1445, Public Record Office, London. Microfilm in the Alderman Library, University of Virginia. The *Cockermouth*, another Lutwidge ship, was on the Rappahannock as early as 1729. Lutwidge wrote in 1739 that he was shipping tobacco that included "the Cockermouth's stranded tobacco," so the *Cockermouth* may have had some mishap in 1738.

10 If the *Walpoole* sailed on March 16 directly for Dublin, she would have arrived a month before Patton's advertisement appeared in the *Dublin Journal*. Peter Burke's indenture, reproduced from the original in the Draper MSS, can be conveniently consulted in Wilson, *Tinkling Spring*, p. 51.

11 C.O. 5/1445 Public Record Office.

12 C.O. 5/1445 Public Record Office. Kirkcudbright is directly across Solway Firth from Whitehaven. All subsequent quotations are from the Lutwidge Letter Books in Carlisle.

* Special thanks are due to Daniel Hay of Whitehaven, England, who first introduced me to Captain James Patton and his employer Walter Lutwidge in 1968, and to B. J. Jones, Cumbria Record Office, Carlisle, England, and Trevor Parkhill, Public Record Office of Northern Ireland, Belfast, Northern Ireland, who gave both encouragement and assistance in my research.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DAVID KUNKLE

I was born in Middlebrook, Augusta County, Virginia, May 1st, 1809, and worked at farming mostly till 1826, my 16th year, going to school in winter. My studies were spelling, reading, writing and arithmetic. Our country schools seldom taught grammar or geography, the single rule of three was the apex of our ambition. Having accomplished this felt that I knew everything worth knowing, and was ready to start out on my own hook. I was the oldest of the family and had several younger brothers to take my place at home. With much persuasion my parents gave me a small purse of money and permission to go; am not sure that I would not have gone without permission.

Our nearest neighbor, James Hanna, with a large family, was about starting to emigrate to the western district of Tennessee, then known as Jackson's Purchase. They were our best and near neighbors, of Scotch-Irish Presbyterian descent. This, in a great degree, reconciled my people to my enterprise.

The family consisted of James and Rebecca, his wife, their oldest son, Robert, and his wife, William, James, Harvey and Frank were the boys. The girls were Polly, Rebecca, Elizabeth. They left one daughter in Virginia, who was married to William West, of Rockbridge County, a son of James West, the old stage line mail contractor between Staunton and Lexington. Robert's wife was a Miss Wilson, of Waynesboro. Her brothers, John, Robert and William Wilson, had emigrated to Missouri when it was a territory.

In our moving caravan were two waggon, four good horses to each, and a two horse carry-all, a commodious tent, and we were well prepared for camping and travelling. We took the road by way of Brownsburg and Lexington, where we got a bottle of Old Jacky Robinson's whiskey, said to be twenty years old, and I don't think we had any other spirits in our travels; went by way of the Natural Bridge, which we all looked upon as wonderful.

I had almost forgotten Samuel C. Johnson who was with us, from Harrisonburg, where he had a wife that was a Miss Hemp-hill. I don't think he ever returned to her.

The next thing on our way, of which I have a distinct recollection, was Holston River. We passed on the crossing a large stone mill, upon the door of which was nailed the largest fish head I had ever seen. Inquiring of the miller of what family it

belonged, he gave us a scrupulous looking over and then said: "Dot is an Riks hot." My next inquiry: "Is there many such about here?" "Oh ya, dare are considerable many of ricks in dis river." I thanked him and went my way.

Early the next morning we passed through Rodgersville, Tennessee; it was court day. In the Court House yard, got another "wrinkle," — a man in the stocks. I did not learn for what crime; I went on sorry for the man; have never seen any one in that fix since.

About this time we changed our destination from West Tennessee to Howard County, Missouri, two hundred miles west of St. Louis, on the Missouri River, where Mrs. Robert Hanna's brothers lived. So our course of travel was changed in that direction, crossing the Ohio River at Ford's Ferry, and on through Illinois, crossing the ——— (Mississippi) River at St. Louis and the Missouri at St. Charles; travelled up on the south side of the Missouri River, through Fulton and Columbia to Fayette.

General John Wilson, one of Mrs. Robert Hanna's brothers, lived there. From Fayette to make quarters, the Hanna family rented a small farm near the Missouri River, a few miles below Glasgow, on the Howard County side, where we all wintered. The place belonged to old Judge Conway, a nice old gentleman who lived in another house on the same place.

I had been sick several days before our arrival there and lay there and lay sick all winter. These old people kindly came frequently to see me. Their son, who was Governor of Arkansas at this time, came home on a visit and he also came to see me. I was so sick the family had procured my burying clothes. Dr. J. A. Halderman, of Fayette, was my physician; came ten miles and only a few times; it took some new clothes brought from home and all the money I had to pay this Dr. He was young and single and went to Indiana.

The Hannas bought a farm in 1827, where they lived and where the old people died a few years later. Robert's wife was a delicate woman and soon died; her husband after that married Mary Ann, daughter of General I. P. Owen, of Fayette; they had two children when he left and went to California and never returned; abandoned them for some cause; I never knew what. His brothers, William, James and Harvey never married. Frank married a Miss Lynch, sister to Bob Lynch, the taylor, who moved to Fayette, Missouri, from Greenville, Virginia. William Hanna has been sheriff of Howard County.

Since we left Virginia, when I was taken sick; I weighed about 140 pounds; after being sick all winter with typhus fever, until the joints of my backbone were through the skin, and when I began to hobble about in the spring, my weight was 70 pounds.

About the time I was able to ride on horse-back, I made arrangements to join a small stock company that was going to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, which is now in the state of Montana, I think, was on the headwaters of the North Platte River. We then thought it the Arkansas, but, according to authentic maps made since that day, I am pretty sure we were wrong.

Captain James Cockrell, who was a celebrated frontier man and guide, had piloted the first company of our land traders to Santa Fe in New Mexico. They were traders and trappers, with a small outfit of goods and traps on pack horses. After selling their goods in Santa Fe and making their trapping arrangements, the company disagreed. I have forgotten their number; they, however, broke up in squads, each to itself, Captain Cockrell going alone, preferring that for safety to having any one with him that would not be under his control; the sequel proved his wisdom, as only two out of these squads ever returned to Missouri. He heard of the massacre by Indians of most of them; he was successful himself in trapping and remained two seasons (winters), spending his summers between in Santa Fe and Touse. During the first winter on the head-waters of the Platte he found silver ore in one of the streams in which he was trapping, samples of which he took to Santa Fe, where it was pronounced good silver ore. He then hired a Spaniard and bought two horses and returned to the trapping grounds; and, after the season was over, dismissed his Spaniard, who he heard got safely home. He packed his two horses with more than two thousand dollars worth of beaver skins, returning safely home to Jackson County, Missouri, where he had a wife but no children, intending to return soon to the Rockies to see more about the silver ore. His wife was, however, so much opposed to his leaving her and undertaking so hazardous an enterprise, he gave it up; but a few years after she died, soon thereafter, he selected twenty of his neighbors in Jackson County to go back. He made a visit to Fayette to see his relative, Mrs. Abel Marly. William Marly was a hatter by trade and had a journey-man hatter at work for him, whose name was Randolph Cole, who was very anxious to go. So by the help of friends Cole and self were permitted to do so and get ready and

rendevoused in Jackson County. Our outfit was a horse and gun, ammunition, blanket, etc. When the company started there was in all eighteen of us, all equipped about as Cole and myself, except that each man had in addition corn-pone, sweetened with honey, to last until we got into the buffalo range, which was then about 150 miles outside of the settlements in that direction.

We started on the Santa Fe trail, until we crossed the Platte River, where we stopped one day to rest our horses that seemed to be somewhat fatigued. Captain Cockrell permitted me to go up to the top of the river bluff, where I saw a bunch of buffalo bulls, as they turned out to be, half a mile or more distant, near a ravine, crossing down near our camp.

I had accidentally killed a deer as it ran across before us a day or two previous, being at the time on foot, and when most all of the company was mounted. This set me up as a crack shot, and when I told the situation of the buffalo to the Captain and begged him to let me go and kill one he told me that these little bunches out to themselves was old bulls that were not able to defend themselves in the large herds and so were always the first to be met with in a buffalo country and were not desirable for food, and that besides it was a rather hazardous enterprise; but that, if I could be governed by his directions, I might go and kill one. He remained on the bluff where I could see him. I slipped into the ravine, forty or fifty yards of the nearest game. I had often heard of persons having "buck ague," but I think my shake was an improvement on anything I ever heard of. The Captain told me to keep cool and not get in too much of a hurry, so I waited and calmed down for a few minutes — it may have been only a few seconds. The bank of the ravine was just high enough for a breast-work and rest for my gun, so I could not have been circumstanced more favorably. I had mortally wounded and killed five, all shot according to direction, through the lites, under the back-bone, where the short hump ribs join it. The Captain could not hear my gun but could see the smoke of my powder and called me in; boys went back with me and got the tongues and marrow bones. Whilst the meat was old and tough the marrow bones and tongues were excellent. It was then only a day or two until we struck all kinds of game and animals — Prairie dogs, badgers, rattle snakes, wolves, coyotes, antelopes, black-tailed deer, elk and buffalo. These last were on the plains by the thousands, in numbers incredible to tell. We had then an abundance of meat and to spare.

About this time, some of our company began to get uneasy and homesick and would have lead to a mutiny; but were in a minority. Five of them slipped off in the night; no one knew of their intention until morning when we found they were gone, baggage and horses. The Captain seemed glad; they had been quite disagreeable to him of late.

Our horses were standing the trip well and were improving. We had thus far met with no Indians. Some of the men did not want to stand guard at night, although we were then within bounds of Indian hunting grounds. Captain Cockrell lectured us to be on the watch and vigilant day and night, as the Redskins, otherwise, might pounce down upon us at any time, and, on that very night, we got our first scare.

About the middle of the night, the horses came snorting past the sentinels into camp; one of them fired off his gun; the Captain told us the first thing to be done was for every one to procure his horse as soon as possible and saddle up. The order did not have to be repeated. The night was pretty dark and the confusion can better be imagined than described. Many were the jokes we had on each other, subsequently, some true and some no doubt exaggerated. Here was a true one that came within my own knowledge. The man was near me, both saddling up. His was a mule, when he exclaimed to me in the most excited undertone: "Davy, Davy, my mule is ruined!" I asked him how. He answered: "His tail is swelled up as big as my body." He had saddled the wrong end before and was trying to get the crupper over the mule's neck. We never knew what caused the alarm. The Captain said it might have been an Indian or two, trying to steal horses, or it might have been a prowling wolf. It was a good lesson for all of us. Horses, not accustomed to Indians, are very fearful of them, as they are also of wolves; they can smell either at a distance.

The Prairie dogs burrow in the ground and live in towns, occupying acres of ground. They are a small animal, a little larger than a squirrel, gray in color. He sits on the edge of his burrow and barks like a small dog until you approach within fifty or sixty yards, when he dodges into his burrow and is safe. Rattle snakes and owls and they occupy the same quarters. I suppose the snakes gobble up the young dogs; never found out what Mr. Owl did for a livelihood.

The badger was an animal of interest to me; his size was that of an overgrown ground-hog, say two or three times larger in size with the digging capacity of a tunnelling machine and

engine; all of his feet seemed made for digging, and if, when alarmed, he was not near his burrow, he would begin to dig and by the time you would walk to him, say a hundred yards, you would see the dirt flying in every direction, high as a man's head, and when you got there you would find Mr. Badger hid in his fresh dug hole, tail down, head up, showing his formidable teeth, ready for defense.

There were several species of wolves — the large white and grey and coyotes, which were numerous, all depending (mostly) on the buffalo for existence.

The antelope is an interesting animal, about the size of Richard's goats, brown in colour, short in legs, but fast as the winds. They seemed to be endowed with great curiosity; they would sometimes discover us and the first thing we would know, they would come quite close, flying past at such speed that you could not see their delicate legs, and it seemed as if they did not touch the earth. They would make a circle around us, then dash off and out of sight, returning and performing the same evolution. The yearling kids eat well, are tender and juicy; the older ones are dry and tough. To hunt and kill them, you must find them feeding and pander to their natural curiosity. They will sometimes be in large flocks of an hundred or more, when you must cautiously slip up as near as you can unobserved and kill one. Should they be out of gun shot, lay flat on the ground holding up something to catch their attention and curiosity and they will come up slowly and timidly. If there is more than one hunter, all must fire at once; you need not expect them back.

The elk, black-tailed deer and buffalo I need not further describe. We were then in the big game country that brought together the war and hunting parties of the surrounding tribes; sometimes from fifty to two hundred mounted red men, most of them hostile to each other, frequently skirmishing, but seldom having a regular fight. They often pretended to attack us, generally in day time. They would come on horse-back, yelling and screaming, as only an Indian can, keeping out of range, whilst we would quietly wait, they galloping and yelling all around us. Some of their braves would come nearer occasionally, galloping around, hanging on the far side of his horse out of danger; sometimes they would send a man alone for a conference, when Captain Cockrell would always meet him, and he was so skilled in the language and signs of the Indians that he could make them understand who we were and our objects; but he

never allowed even one of them to come into our camp; they had nothing of use to us and we had nothing we could spare them. These occurrences were frequent but never pleasant.

So matters went on, day after day, something exciting or new occurring every day; many exciting things occurred with members of the company that I have forgotten or perhaps not present did not impress me, and I have waited too long to write of them.

We travelled up the North Platte, as I now believe; we thought it was the Arkansas River, crossing and recrossing, the river being very broad. Not being a swimmer, I was shy, but my horse, "Willie," was a high swimmer, and after a few crossings I enjoyed it. We kept out a hunter on each side of the company every day and generally had plenty to eat, and at night rested and eat, and had all the fun we wanted.

One of the men who was out hunting and tired and hungry found good ripe grapes — it was near night and he said he wanted to fill up, they were so good. He swallowed grapes and stems; the stems would not digest; about the third day he thought he was going to die, and we all began to think the same way. He had no medicine of any kind, but we concluded to try buffalo fat, so we gave him, as near as we could estimate, one quart of rendered, or pure, buffalo grease. In about two hours we were preparing another dose, when he asked us to hold up for a while, as he thought the grape stems were letting go their *holts*; and, sure enough, it was not long until all was O. K., and little Jim Ross was a happy man.

There were some grapes and yellow plums, were very delicious, that grew on shrub bushes, no higher than a man's head; there were all the fruits of the foot-hills of the Rockies. The cactus of the plains have a small fruit in the shape of an apple, or pear, red when ripe and very good to eat.

Thus we passed our time travelling continuously and leisurely. These plains were the hunting grounds for the different tribes that were hostile and watchful of each other as the boundaries to each other's hunting grounds were not well defined and they had to be vigilant in maintaining their rights and upon which their living almost entirely depended. These surroundings doubtless kept them from bestowing more attention upon our little company, besides our Captain had a firm belief that Providence had a special care over us, and in his intercourse with the chiefs

always tried to impress them accordingly, as he did to all of us. We all got to believe in and love him.

We were now approaching our destination and had been in sight of a mound for several days, which guided our travels. Upon our approach we found its base to cover about an acre and running up to a small apex at a grade that was somewhat difficult to climb. We found near the surface on top Indian relics. We were not provided with the necessary tools to do much digging. Everything denoted age. I suppose in perpendicular height, it was about two hundred feet. We had then never heard of the Mound Builders; but if there was such a people, this mound must have been the work of their hands.

Two days more travel brought us to the mountain stream, in which was the silver ore we were in search of. We found it in seeming abundance. We struck camp and reconnoitred for several days; found Indian signs in every direction, and big game (buffalo) travelling south. After much deliberation and consultation, the Captain conducted us to a green valley, where he had spent his last winter whilst trapping in the mountains several years previously, where we wintered — some hunting, some trapping the beaver and some of the men had a few traps.

We were now in the country of the grisly bear, who did not back down from anything, man or beast. The buffalo are good engineers and a hilly or mountainous country, by travelling single file, they make paths or roads on the best grades, so we found these paths sometimes a foot or more deep and very convenient when travelling on foot. On one occasion three of us started out on a hunt and had taken a buffalo trail as we called them. After a mile or two Sellers was in front, myself next, Parker in the rear. In a turn of the path, round a hill, we came face to face with a big old grisly, his hair on back and neck turned forward, he stood with his head thrown rather to one side and somewhat lowered, as if he expected attack. Sellers was so confused that he actually let his gun fall and I was in a condition to do almost anything. Parker said, "stand still, boys," and at the crack of his gun the bear tumbled, rolled over two or three times down the hill. When we went to him, he was dead; Parker had brained him. He was a splendid shot; had a No. 1 rifle; and was one of the surest shots and best hunters I ever saw. The old Captain knew what he was and nearly always left Parker in charge when he was away. One of them was always in camp or with the company. We then had plenty of bear meat,

which was pretty good and wholesome but not as palatable as the buffalo. We dressed the big skin and we three that was at the killing slept on it. The skin of no other animal is so impervious to water, which makes it valuable as a bed on the ground. There were several others killed by members of the company and there were some hair breadth escapes, the particulars of which I have almost forgotten.

Toward spring we got in straits for meat and had to eat beaver tails or anything we could get. We could kill the elk that were pretty abundant, but the flesh was dry and lean and undesirable: killed a few for their hides, as the question of clothes for our feet and bodies were beginning to be a serious one. Our best hunters were detailed that we might get the necessary number of pelts, spending the smallest quantity of our diminishing supply of ammunition. Wolves were plentiful and we found that a fat young wolf was good meat. The beavers were scarce in this branch and there were too few of us to venture out in small squads; game of any kind was scarce and we were frequently hungry. The grass on the plains comes late, so that we had to remain until late in the spring before the buffalo grass would sustain our horses, so that we had ample time to dress our skins, extemporize and renew our wardrobes. This being done, we broke camp and went back to our find of silver ore and packed our horses with the ore, intending to go where grass and game were more plentiful.

After a few days' travel, leading our pack horses, all hungry and half starved, Captain Cockrell and four of our best men on horses ahead of us hunting we came to the river and camped in a bend where the river bank was four or five feet high. There was a deep slough, two or three hundred yards long, that ran around our camp, outside of the slough, where was the best grass, our sentinels on the inside. In this situation, we were attacked by — as we estimated them — one hundred and fifty Indians. The Indians on foot approached us, up and down this slough. When discovered, the sentinels fired on them and ran into Camp. Whereupon, the Indians mounted raised the most unearthly yell and drove our horses before them. There were then but thirteen of us and slipping under the river bank, it made us a first rate breast-work from which we poured fire into them. They retreated a short distance and held a pow wow. We had killed and crippled some and we expected them to return as they never leave a crippled comrade if possible to rescue him. So they made another charge,

beating their tambourines, blowing in their hollow bones and yelling, we giving them the best we had in the shop. They made the third pow-wow and charge before they got all of their dead and wounded. Our hunters that were out camped down the river in hearing of our guns. In the morning they started to hunt us up, but finding the sign of so many Indians thought we had all been killed and that they would be followed and killed, so they left the river and travelled till they struck one of its branches and down it to its mouth, and at a crossing near by they wrote on a bleached bone, the shoulder blade of a buffalo, dated and wrote, camped one mile below, Jas. Cockrell. We had walked thirteen days down the river and got there an hour or two after them, they thinking we were all dead, and we thinking the same of them.

We fired off a gun, they answered with another; we were soon face to face; such antics and rejoicing; it beat a camp meeting all to pieces; some of us blubbered like babies.

I must go back to where we had the big fight. When morning came our beds were sticking full of arrows. We extemporized Knap-sacks and moccasin shoes out of our saddles and threw everything into the river, silver ore and all. We had one man to show the white feather, Mark Foster, who was a bully in his neighborhood at home and was given a wide berth in the company. When the Indians came yelling, he said: "Boys, let's go, we'll all be killed," and he broke for the other side of the river. The next morning was foggy; nothing was seen of him until the fog began to rise; he was peering through; it seems to us if he was undecided whether we were friends or foes. He was called over and we named the place Foster's Ford and so marked it on a cotton wood tree close by. Foster certainly was a changed man and acknowledged that he was a coward.

When we all got together at the mouth of the river, resting and hunting, we were then getting out of the range and hunting grounds of the bad Indians. We remained there two weeks. Whilst there two of our boys out hunting found a man laying at a small lake of water, more dead than alive, blind and almost speechless. Laying near him was a very large white wolf that seemed careless about moving. When one told the other to shoot him, the man made them understand he did not want the wolf killed, but was not in a condition to explain. The boys undertook to carry the man to camp, which was some miles distant; found it a heavy job, and whilst resting in sight of the Santa Fe trail, some return-

ing men and wagons passed, and to their great joy and relief agreed to haul the poor fellow till he died, so this was all we knew of the man's name or history.

A year or more after I had drifted to St. Louis and at our boarding house on Sunday several of us were spinning yarns. I said something about having been on the plains. One of the boarders, a carpenter, inquired when and what company, and I had told him, "Do you recollect anything about a man found by two hunters of the company almost dead." I told him I did, and was sorry I had never heard what had become of him. "Well," said he, "I am that man." How we both then felt is left to imagination. His name was Wilson. He and his brother, both carpenters, from New York, were in New Orleans when General LeGrand raised a company to ascend Red River in a keel boat to reach the plains and the Rockies on a trip of discovery, etc., in which each man was guaranteed a fortune and a good time.

After arriving at the head of navigation, they were informed their first enterprise would be to visit old man Jarvis, who lived in a rather isolated place in New Mexico, and was immensely wealthy, owning rich silver mines and had silver bullion in great quantity, of which they would relieve him. Any of the company not wanting to join in, of which there were several, the Wilsons being of that number, were allowed to have a few guns and a small allowance of ammunition. After traveling many days, the Wilsons got separated from the rest; the one found sick and so lame from cactus thorns could travel no longer; in this dilemma his brother provided him with some meat and water and left him to hunt relief if possible, but the sick man had then never after heard of his brother, who had probably perished or been killed by Indians. He said the big white wolf came to him soon after his brother left and he realized that he was smelling him all over. He said he firmly believed that the Good Spirit sent that wolf to protect and watch over him. When he got well his eyesight had returned. I left St. Louis soon and have never since heard of Wilson. I think the Santa Fe wagon took him to Columbia and from there he got to St. Louis.

In our hunting around, we began to find small squads of Indian signs, and game was scarce, few buffalo, game mostly small, such as antelope, etc., so we concluded to move and went ten days on to a stream we called Walnut Creek, where we soon killed some black-tailed deer and, to our astonishment, found honey. This wild honey was a rarity and we enjoyed it.

From Walnut Creek, we went leisurely and slowly to the Upper Settlements of Missouri, down through Jackson, Salina and Cooper Counties to Fayette in Howard County, where Cole and I started from. My entire wardrobe in the whole world consisted of fox-skin cap, dressed leather pants and hunting shirt and moccasins. My good friend, William Orr, a journey-man cabinet-maker, loaned me a suit of clothes. We had travelled, by estimation, going and coming, about eighteen hundred miles. General I. P. Owen, who kept the hotel, told me to make his house my home until something offered. After a few weeks, I went up to Chanson, where I caught the catfish that weighed one hundred and eighty-six pounds. Soon thereafter I went with Captain Peter Ford as a hand on his flat boat, loaded with tobacco and other produce, to New Orleans, where we arrived safely. Owing to the many snags and sawyers in the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers, it is a dangerous undertaking. We had some narrow escapes of sawyers in the Missouri River and when in Mississippi, running just in rear of another tobacco flat boat, she ran onto a large tree (sawyer), the roots holding fast in the bottom of the river, while the current bore down the tree until it struck bottom and rebounded with a sweep. These upward sweeps were the dangers, particularly, when the tree remained some time under water, and particularly large trees, as in this case. We, running with the current in the rear, had barely time to avoid the same catastrophe; the boat was a perfect wreck, tobacco hogsheads and everything else went floating down the river; we founded to and gave them any assistance we could, but for our yawl some of their men would have been drowned. They had come down from upper Mississippi River; the hogsheads of tobacco, most of it, was saved by being floated to the banks in eddies below, unpacked and dried.

These flat boats came into vogue after the steam boat had driven out the keel boats; the flat boats soon got out of fashion in the Missouri River, as did the keels. Mike Finks was a celebrated keel boatman and rifle shot and devil-me-care character of these times, reckless and desperate. I don't think I ever met him but heard of his many reckless doings. One was that he shot a negro's head off, so he could, as he said, make a boot, etc. He got in such bad repute for his many outlandish proceedings that when he found they were about to take hold of him by the law, he went to the barracks and enlisted as an army soldier. Whilst there, another soldier and Mike practiced shooting tin cups or

apples from each other's heads for the amusement of the officers. On one of these occasions, when Mike had been drinking, he grazed the other man's head sufficiently to knock him down; an officer present cursed him for doing so and told him that he ought to be shot, which made Fink mad and he began to load his gun, muttering. The officer drew his pistol and shot him. This was the last of old Mike Finks.

We remained in New Orleans several days, after selling our produce; sold the boat for fire wood. Being in the city on Sunday and looking out for anything of interest, heard a great hub-bub a square off; went to investigate; found about a hundred negroes, mostly boys, looking up and jabbering in French, seemingly excited. I inquired what was up and was told to wait and see. After waiting some time, the shout broke out again, everybody looking up yelling and clapping. The town clock was in a cupola, the striking machinery was so arranged that an artificial negro, about three feet high, came out on a platform, hammer in hand, and struck the big bell eleven heavy over-head blows, turned around, made a bow, and walked out amid thundering yells and applause.

I waited to see the little darkey come out and strike her twelve more and left thinking it was the best show I had ever seen.

We came up the river to St. Louis on the new boat, Brandywine. The Uncle Sam was also a new boat and bound for St. Louis. There was a rivalry between them and both moored at the same yard. The Uncle Sam started ahead, and it was nip and tuck with them both, but we at last won, a length ahead. The fireman sing and nearly all have an extempore leader; all hands get excited, as well as passengers, and when we ascertained we could win, our song leader, a large yellow fellow, stood on the "capsen" and sung the other boat a farewell song, one verse of which I recollect.

"The Uncle Sam is a bully boat; she runs very fine,

But she cant raise the steam to beat the Brandywine." We beat them, but that was all.

Early in this century, Clark and Lewis, United States officers, had been sent by the Government, with an escort of soldiers, exploring west through the plains and Indian trails, over the Rocky Mountains to the Columbian River and down it to the Pacific Ocean. General Lewis, I think, was dead, but old General Clark then lived in St. Louis and was a great favorite with the Indians, whose chiefs frequently came to the city to see General

Clark, particularly, after a battle with other Indians, their enemies. On one occasion, they brought down from the Falls of St. Anthony, on the Mississippi River (at that time a remote place, but a military garrison), a young squaw that had performed some wonderful exploit in alone rescuing some prisoners of their tribe, one of whom was a young chief and her sweetheart, and one of the large delegation. The particulars of the rescue I have forgotten, but they were very romantic; and they were to be burned at the stake; the authorities of the city permitted them to have a war dance in the streets; they moved from square to square, all over the city, stopping at the corners, or crossings; they had their drums and other musical devices for noises; they were dressed in the most outlandish ways, some as elk or buffalo, who with horns representing wild animals of almost every kind. The girl occupied the center, gaudily appparelled, according to Indian taste and fashion, the bucks, or men, characterizing as much as possible the animal their dress indicated. They were representing their deeds of bravery in war and would occasionally raise loud yells and screams, jumping around in ways indescribable, the squaw always occupying the center.

I have given a poor description of the reality, which stirred the whole city deeply. St. Louis was then (1829) a small place. I shot frogs then around Shotars Pond, which has been drained, and is now the great central depot.

My health was not robust and I went down to Reeds tanyard, across the river from the arsenal and was pretty sick for a while, and when I could walk about went out to a paw-paw orchard every day, gathering up half a hatful and eating them, and I got better very soon and returned to St. Louis, but was not well enough to go to work, when old Mr. John Merritt, then of Staunton, afterwards of Bethel Congregation, and an elder, met with me, and insisted on my going home with him, which I concluded to do. He had left his horse in Louisville as he went west and had bought one in Missouri to ride home, as he wished to travel through Illinois. I went by steamboat to Louisville and found the horse, and after waiting two days for Mr. Merritt, started to Virginia, which he had told me to do if he did not get there on time. When he overtook me, I was half a day's journey west of Louisburg, now West Virginia. There we met Uncle James Bumgardner, who had bought some horses and insisted that I should help him some with them. Mr. Merritt consented and went on at once, leading the horse I rode. Uncle Jim and self started

next morning for home, then Middlebrook, where I was glad to see my people once more. The recital of these things makes my poor old heart feel as it would like to turn over in my body.

Some short time previous to my getting home, our father had traded off his house and lots in the village and some other small tracts of land near by to Mr. James O'Kane for the property he lived and died on, near Pond Gap, in the Pastures of Virginia. I assisted in moving, there being no wagon road, we had to move round by Buffalo Gap, except one light load we undertook tied securely on the running gear of a three-horse wagon, in which was an old-fashioned high cased wooden clock, crossed the mountain by the then Dunlap Gap (now Condon's), crossing out on the Pasture near the now Ferrell Furnace. When the old clock refused to note the time, mother gave the walnut case to your mother, S. A. Kunkle, and she had it made up by our cousin, E. T. McGilvary, into some fancy pieces of furniture, which she has.

At the time we left Middlebrook, it was customary for the bottle to be set out to all visitors, laymen and clergy. Whiskey, by most people, was bought by the barrel as well as flour, and each at about the same price. When removed we had a part of a barrel on hand. Some time thereafter — and I had left home again — it came up at meal time that the whiskey was about out, and what shall be done about another supply? My oldest sister, then a lovely and devoted Christian woman, that has been now for more than forty years a saint in Heaven, said: "As we are away from fashionable surroundings, it is not expected that the bottle should be set out, as was the custom over the mountain." Brother John, who more used the article, spoke first and said: "You need not buy any whiskey for me." There were seven boys of us and three girls; three or four of the boys were present. Each one, in turn, said "Nor for me." As was his custom, father cleared his throat before speaking and said: "Boys, if you all can do without it, I am sure I can." So that was the last whiskey they ever had, except what mother used in her camphor bottle.

The foregoing is the account given me by one of my sisters. My father had, for years, been taking his regular dram before his meals, and of late years, had been taking one occasionally between meals, and he found it the hardest ordeal of his life to comply with his promise, which, under the surroundings, he would not forego; otherwise, he thought it probable he would have died a drunkard.

Not very long after this, the whole of the home family joined the Methodist Church; their home was the home of the preachers ever after as long as father and mother lived, they having given the ground on which the nice little Methodist Church was built near Pond Gap.

Our grand-father, on Mother's side, Jacob Bumgardner, was an uneducated man, except primarily; he was a good judge of all kinds of property and delighted in trading and buying and selling. About the time we got moved to the Pastures, he had on hand in Richmond a pretty large amount in groceries he had traded flour for. Uncle James, his son, was then in business with him and they proposed that I should take these groceries to Lewisburg and sell them. They had been in that business for some time and had a good trade, and we were to divide the net profit. I went at once; got a suitable house and sold the goods rapidly, remitting the proceeds. This was in 1829. Toward the next spring the stock was getting low and sales dull; I wrote to Uncle Jim to come out; that I wanted to return to Missouri, and I had found a man that would buy us out. So he came and we sold out to Mr. Gruler Pennell. I had made some bad debts, and had lost one whole hogshead of more than one hundred gallons. In unloading out of the wagon one of the skids broke, that end of the hogshead came down with a crash, bursting out the head, and letting the "lasses" sweeten the street, the other half hogshead was in the cellar, a rather dark place. I had a man in my place in the store whilst I went to a horse race; a customer, also on his way to the race, brought and left his jug to be filled by his return. The man, Mr. Littlepage, found the molasses going slowly; left it, thinking to return soon, but forgetting. In the evening when the man returned for his jug, he ran down into the little cellar and stepped into molasses almost to his shoe tops. Yet, with all this bad luck, my share of the profits fixed me up and carried me back to Fayette, Missouri, where Uncle John and Lewis had gone and were in the mercantile business, and gave me employment.

I want to say something about old Uncle Billy Handly, an Irishman, who in their younger days (Grandpa's and Uncle John's) had known each other in Augusta County. He lived now two miles west of Lewisburg on the pike, then a celebrated tavern stand. His family consisted of his three widowed daughters, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Gabbert, Mrs. Shanklin and her two grown sons, William and Frank. This last was an imbecile; William was very handsome and smart; his mother was rich and so was his grand-

father Handly; the other two widows were well off, and William was the favorite of all and was badly spoiled; spent his summers at the White Sulphur, and his winters in town playing cards and getting fond of drink. The old man always had two or three fat and sleek horses on hand and made sharp trades with travellers that called. I spent nearly all my Sundays at his house. If I did not go he would be most sure to send for me to go out to dinner; I used to think he did so to keep William out of the Tavern. William had been promenading the long porch one Sunday evening, stopping occasionally and looking east. The old man and I were sitting at the west end. "Curse me," was his by-word, and he whispered: "Curse me, Davy, if I could only get him to look to the west, but he always looks to the town. (") William died a young man. The old man was riding a fine horse that stumbled with him. When a person in the field heard him say: "Curse me, but I'll sell ye!" But after a moment he said "Who the devil would buy ye!"

A peddler, travelling in a vehicle, called to sell something, but the women, who were alone that day, wanted some of his tricks, but could raise nothing but a bag of flax seed; so the peddler went on to the next house, where the neighbors, old Mr. Handly among them, were helping their neighbor raise a house. The peddler, after supplying their wants generally, was about starting to apologize for not offering his new and superior flax seed, that he was selling at one dollar per quart, only having one bag of two bushels left. Most of them took one quart. Old Mr. Handly pulled out three silver dollars and said: "Curse me, but I'll take three quarts." When he went home and found out the joke his girls had on him, he promised each one a silk dress not to tell it.

His grand-son, Harvey Handly, married William H. Bell's daughter. Henderson Bell, William H. brother, married 'Pap' Handly, the old man's granddaughter; she was "big" Arch's daughter, who went to Missouri. "Little" Arch also went to Missouri; they both settled in Salina County; "Big" Arch accidentally killed himself, dismounting from his horse with his rifle gun in hand; "little" Arch and he were cousins.

The widow, Shook, was related to the Handlys, a poor woman who lived in Lewisburg. John H. Shook, her son, a boy about the age of twelve was frequently about the store, doing me errands, until I became attached to him and before going I got him a nice full suit of clothes and paid his school tuition for a session.

The last time I heard of him he was the popular minister in one of the largest Baptist congregations in San Francisco, California.

Dr. John McElhaney was the Presbyterian preacher, the only one in Lewisburg. I only heard him occasionally, as I spent most of Sundays out at old Mr. Handly's, with my friend, William.

When I first went to Lewisburg, Dick Painter, an old negro man, that was noted for an act of sagacity and bravery, died. In an early day, when a boy, he was left in a Fort near the Greenbrier River, opposite to where Alderson now stands, with a number of women and children, the men being away at work in the fields, etc. When a number of the Indians were discovered, in Indian file, cautiously approaching, whilst the women were horrified, Dick reprimed the old flint lock musket that had been heavily charged with bullets and slugs and stood, gun in hand, coolly waiting for the right moment, and, when it came, he suddenly jerked the door open, and having the dreaded enemy in range, pulled the trigger, and any Indians that were not killed or wounded ran away. These particulars I learned from the orator of the occasion, after which Dick Painter's body was solemnly laid in the earth. The military company present marched up in platoons and fired into the grass, so he was buried with the honors of war.

Dr. Mc Elhaney's oldest son, James, was a very smart young fellow, but full of mischief. He was then at college, now Washington and Lee University, and he gave it out among the students, when he heard of Painter's death, that he would preach Dick Painter's funeral at a certain time and place. He had a good audience; one of the faculty got in clandestinely, but never made it known. Jim intended it, at the beginning, for fun, but when he got into the particulars of Painter's history, his heart was so touched that he cried like a baby, as did most of his audience. This promising boy was ruined by drink and died from home and friends on a steam boat on the Mississippi River.

The Handlys were all horse fanciers and "big" Arch as he was called, had a fine stock horse, rather under size but fine appearance, and was doubtless a short distance racer; he was called Van Trump. His owner had perhaps never been out of Greenbrier County and never seen as long a race as one mile, yet he had been flattered until he believed Van Trump to be the peer of any horse any distance.

Colonel Buster, the owner of the Salt Sulphur Springs, was aware of all this and was a wide awake man. He was frequently in Richmond and made an arrangement to get Clinton, a No. 1 three or four mile horse, from William R. Johnson, the then greatest long distance racer in this whole country. The preliminaries I cannot give, but it was soon known that Colonel Buster and the Handlys had closed a race for One Thousand Dollars a side, to run in Monroe County, at old Bob Campbell's, "Pickaway Plains," (John H. Hodge that we all know now owns and lives in this place).

I suppose I wrote to Uncle Jim (Bumgardner), him and John Haney and William Lightner came to the race and brought two or three short distance race horses. The big race proved to be nothing. At the end of about two miles Van Trump was stopped and taken from the track. There were some other unimportant races. One of them one of the Gabbert boys made with the proviso that if he fell off, or his horse fell or flew the track, it was to be no race. They were to go one mile and when Gabbert found he would be beaten, at the risk of his life, he actually fell off. There was a man there, a stranger, with a black mare, and Uncle Jim and him parleyed a day or two; the man at length told him he did not care to run against Top; that he was the only horse he ever saw he did not feel sure his mare could outrun.

We had a small club in Lewisburg where we met occasionally and where we had tasty suppers and drank mulled cider. William Cary, who was a lawyer and full of fun, was one of us and was boarding with old Johnny Mays, who had a table of twenty or thirty boarders, but a scarcity of bed clothes, among which there was a rather small and thin blanket on Cary's bed, which he folded and used as a cravat and wore to the breakfast table. *William* Mays took the hint and at once got a good supply of bed clothes.

Henry Erskine was the principal merchant (the uncle of Erskine Miller); was appointed by Pay Master General in the Mexican War and took with him Charley Milord, a celebrated colored man, who was the butcher at the White Sulphur Springs. He would boast that from the time his gun cracked he would kill the sheep, skin, gut and clean him nicely and have a well-done cooked mutton chop in nine minutes. On this proposition, he won money from the visitors. Charley was accidentally killed in Mexico in handling General Erskine's holster pistols.

I first boarded at the old Hutcheson Hotel, on the street leading from the Main Street toward Frankfort; after, at Frazier's, on the hill going west. I was an applicant to the Masonic Lodge for membership, but not eligible until twenty-one years old, which would be May 1st, 1830. After that date, I was duly initiated, passed and raised to the Sublime Degree of Master Mason.

I took with me my large ducking single twist barrel flint lock gun and started for Missouri; stopped in Louisville and had my gun percussioned; stopped a few days in St. Louis and noted large improvements since I had been there; from St. Louis went to Fayette, Howard County, Missouri. I arrived there about the first of June, 1830. John and Lewis Bumgardner, my uncles, gave me employment in their store, and after a year or two, having made some outside money, I sent to my father in Virginia five hundred dollars to pay for the tract of land, known as the Kunkle ore bank tract. Some time after this I received a clerkship in the Land Office and I did the writing in the Register and Receiver's Office at a good salary and perquisites. As I was also Notary Public, this position added to my income, so that I bought a nice house in the most desirable part of town. It, however, lacked water, so I had to dig for it and succeeded in getting a plentiful supply of good water; this made our home a desirable one. I had also bought in the tax titles in Carroll County and enclosed on twenty-one quarter sections of land, most of it in Carroll County, the titles good. I bought the tax titles from Ben Jeter of Fayette, I was also in the mercantile business with H. W. King, formerly from Rockingham County, Virginia; was partner with C. F. Johnson and D. F. Cooper in a stock farm and stock of fine horses, as I had also bought in Henry County, in the southwest corner of Missouri, adjoining the Indian Territory, then occupied by the Osage and Quapaws (quanpaw) the settler's right to enter a quarter section of land, 160 acres, at one thousand dollars, on which was the little village, Saxcoxie (an old Indian Chief's name) and a water wheel chopping mill.

I put my very dear friend, David Rader, from Rockingham County, in charge of this property, adding a small stock of merchandise. I was there several times before I was married and once after. At that time our dear and only child, Mary Elizabeth, was near three years old. I went to Saxcoxie the last time, November 1842. When I left home she seemed in perfect health, and oh, so dear to my heart. I had seen strangers in passing our

door, stop and with seeming admiration, look at her. After being absent two weeks, I was met by a messenger at the river, twelve miles from home, to tell me she had died that morning. Oh, oh, oh, I have not language expressive. Her little dust is in the Fayette grave-yard, south of the town, with a solid slab of white limestone on a rock foundation, which when heard from a year or two since was in good condition.

I traded the Saxcoxie property to Tingle and Massey, a mercantile firm of Fayette, who afterwards failed, and I never realized anything, or very little from it. Rader returned to Virginia and married his old sweetheart and went to New Mexico, where they both died; they left two children, a boy and a girl, the boy's name was Coster Kunkle Rader, and they live in Rockingham County, Virginia. If I ever heard the girl's name I have forgotten it; I never saw either of them.

I seldom lost any time out of my office; its hours were from 9 a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m. Once every year, generally October, I spent two or three weeks in the woods hunting. We generally had a wagon and two yoke of oxen; each man had his horse and slow track dog, trained to walk and not open (bark) unless told; grain for horses; oxen could range. The principal regular men were old Ned Davis, his son, Jo, a lawyer of Fayette County, Ben Reeves and, when well enough, Dr. Joel Green, James Morrow and frequently invited guests. On these hunts was about the hardest work I ever did, yet I always looked forward to the hunt with pleasure, not because I expected to beat Jo, or his father, but I did not want others to beat me.

We usually took an empty barrel or two and when a good day came for it we hunted bees and robbed them of their hard earned store. We had a good time at night by the campfire; hearing the interesting incidents of the day recited, criticized and discussed. Old Mr. Davis had no education, only from observation outside of books, but was naturally an orator and could make an incident pass at its full worth.

I have never known a hunter that did not enjoy telling all the particulars. If he killed three or four animals in a day's hunt, he would have something especially to tell of every one. We were up for our breakfast and were ready to hunt as soon as we could see the sights on our guns. With a snack in shot pouch and a morsel for horses, the last (best) hunters were never expected in camp till too dark to shoot. They would, when night

came, be miles from camp and occasionally had to stay out all night.

Old Uncle Ned, as we called him, and his son, Jo, the lawyer, always tried to beat each other. On the last hunt I was on with them, when he was seventy years old, on my way home, we concluded when within five or six miles of old Mr. Davis's, to turn all the dogs loose and have a drive. We were on a leading ridge, in a path-way that led in one direction, creeks on either side. Jo and his father were in front; they had each killed the same number, ten or twelve deer each. When the dogs started running and the deer crossed before them, as they both no doubt expected, their guns both fired. The old man called out to us all: "I hit him! I hit him!" Without waiting to load up, he took after the dogs and deer and when we got to his house, he had the deer, but his hat was gone and his clothes badly torn. When the deer was skinned in the morning, they found two bullet holes, and Joe said: "Daddy, I knew I hit him."

To this day, when the leaves fall in October, I feel like going to the woods to take a hunt, and when the Albemarle Hunting Company had their headquarters at Crawford's Springs, I was their local agent and hunted with them. They owned several thousand acres of mountain land near by that fell into the hands of the Ferrell Iron Company and is now their property. Mr. Samuel Forrer, I think, is the principal owner, if not the only one. The Coles and Derrotts were prominent in the Hunting Company. The party would bring out fifty or sixty dogs; they had a Constitution and by-laws to govern their hunting and conduct. On one occasion, the first day's hunt brought in ten deer and one bear. Smith, who had never been in a hunt, previously, killed a fine large bear. Thereafter, he was called "Bear" Smith. I was also Secretary for the Company and when we were burned out in Craigsville the records, constitution and by-laws were all burned.

General Owen kept the principal hotel in Fayette, which was headquarters for David Todd, of Columbia Circuit, Judge and lawyers from surrounding counties. Owen had a colored woman secreted in a house adjoining Davis's office, which Davis accidentally discovered and told Owen's relative, Shepherd, who took the woman, at her earnest request, into another County to be disposed of. Thereupon, I was then about to purchase goods in Philadelphia. When at home, I roomed with Davis in his office. Owen, on missing the woman that belonged to him, believing she

had run away, advertised in the papers and by hand bills that he had a servant girl sent him from Kentucky and suggested that she might have been kidnapped, etc. When the facts were made public, he had got to drinking heartily and on Court day the judge and lawyers put in at another hotel. He went cocked pistol in hand; seated himself in a chair on the pavement before Davis' open door, and swore he should never come out of that door alive. Davis, being a hunter, always had a loaded rifle in his office, and after begging General Owen to go away, took down his gun and shot him and went and gave himself up to the authorities, who justified him at once.

The reason for my giving these particulars in this case is to show that it should be the last resort to take the life of a fellow being, the man that does, under almost any circumstances, regrets the necessity. I never knew it otherwise, and am familiar with two or three other cases.

Abiel Leonard, a lawyer, who killed Colonel Berry in a duel on Bloody Island near St. Louis, because he had horse whipped him in the court yard at Fayette; John R. Price, who married one of Owen's daughters, killed Allen Burton under justifiable circumstances. Price was brother to General Sterling Price. The Prices came to Missouri from Prince Edward County, Virginia. Their father, Pew Price, settled near Keysville, Virginia, Charlton County. Pew Price, Jr. was a doctor; I have forgotten where he settled. Sterling and John R. lived with their father until John R. got married and came to Fayette and kept the old Owen Hotel. Sterling brought a fine stock horse from Virginia, of the Virginia blood, called Marmion. I gave him five hundred dollars for one half interest in this horse; kept this interest one year and sold for same price to old Mr. William Wood. I made clear the five hundred dollars I sent father to pay for the Kunkle ore bank property he had bought from the heirs of John Crawford, deceased. When I returned to Virginia father was selling the privilege per ton to the Esterline Furnace Company to mine the ore. Old Mr. William Ramsay, who was a surveyor, had discovered that the ore bank was vacant and had the getting of ore stopped. Suit had been brought and the surveyors were all stalled at the end of the distance on one of the lines. By this time I was at Panther Gap selling goods and had become acquainted with old Edward McLaughlin, then the surveyor of Rockbridge County, the father of Judge McLaughlin. At my request, my father employed him to round the tract. When he came to the end of the

distance on line, it called for a corner on the foot of the mountain. They were then down in the flat woods, so he said: "We'll go on in the same direction till we come to the foot of the mountain." They did this, where they came to the corner, blocked the tree, and found all O.K. This more than doubled the length of the lines, as well as the number of acres in the tract, all of which was given to my father by the jury without leaving their seats, after hearing Mr. McLaughlin's testimony and the law explained governing such cases.

When I had pulled up stakes in Rockbridge County and was making my arrangements to do I hardly knew what, the boys had all left home; some of them dead; Shaw and Strickler were owners and running Esteline Furnace; they proposed that I should purchase the Kunkle ore bank tract and add it to the furnace lands, making the whole near seven thousand acres under the firm name of Shaw, Strickler & Company, interest one-third each. I signed the agreement, hoping that father would modify his price, but he said some of his friends thought the property cheap and it was for sale at that and nothing less, so I took it at that price, some of which was paid in Confederate money during the war. Burk and Kunkle bought out Shaw, Strickler and Company, and ran the furnace to the end of the war and sold to Nelson Beall & Company, of Maryland, through our agents, Echols, Bell & Catlett, for thirty-five thousand dollars.

Early in the forties the highest June rise in the Missouri river occurred, the melting of snow in head-waters of that river only reached its mouth, into the Mississippi, in that month. That year it was said to be higher than known for many, many years and the people flocked from a distance to its banks to see it seemingly in its maddened fury. A party of us from Fayette went near Glasgow and spent the day on a bluff; we went in buggies, taking our wives, lunch and refreshments and had a good time. William C. Boon, Dulaney F. Cooper, Clayborn F. Jackson, self and others now forgotten, as it is more than fifty years since.

I am not in the possession of the language necessary to describe the scene properly before us: The seemingly mad and roaring river, bearing on its bosom everything in its sweep — trees, torn up by their roots, houses, haystacks, horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, and even occasionally the wild deer, all struggling with the rapid current, going they knew not where. We were on the bluff side; opposite was a timbered bottom, this was eddy water, not flowing down so much as out, the trees buried half

their length, many of them torn up, and the whole country for miles inundated. Our party was so interested with what was before us that we had almost forgotten our lunch, and when it was brought out and set before us, every one was ready to partake. The Jacksons, with their other good things, brought out a basket of champagne wine, which was enjoyed by all the gentlemen and ladies. When the feast was over, Jackson, with a great guffaw, said it was the first crowd of women he was ever in that could outdrink him. The good wine had something to do, no doubt, with veiling the unpleasant scenes of the day. We all got home safely about night, the high water of the Missouri River in that June rise never to be forgotten. I am sorry I cannot give the exact year.

The H. W. King & Company bought a drove of cattle down in southwest Virginia, from three to six years old, seven hundred in all, and swam the river with them at Glasgow and did not lose one.

James McGilvary, who, if yet alive, lives in San Francisco, California, had been a deputy sheriff in Augusta County, Virginia, and was a son of our uncle, Alexander McGilvary, of Harrisonburg, and brother of Tazewell McGilvary, of Staunton. James helped our Mr. King to purchase the cattle and drive them to Pennsylvania and sell them. On account of a great drouth there at the time, the margin was small.

Talking of swimming the river, reminds me of being in Glasgow, Missouri, at a show of animals and circus. There were two large elephants; the river was at a good stage; the showman offered to turn these two into the river for fifty dollars; the amount was soon made up; they made a good display; were as much at home in the river as ducks, diving down, tumbling over each other, making the water fly, trumpeting, etc., showing that they enjoyed the swim hugely and seemed unwilling for a long time to come ashore.

You have seen in print in the newspapers the account of the barbecue and political meeting at Fayette, Missouri, at an early day, when Governor Boggs, Thomas H. Benson, James H. Birch and Claiborn F. Jackson, and many other prominent men of the state, were present. Birch and Jackson were the toast readers at each end of a long table and would have fought with bowie knives on the table but for the interference of their respective friends. Birch refused to read a sentiment at his end of the table complimentary of Colonel Benton until that gentleman would with-

draw, or apologize, for something he had said about Missouri's distinguished governor then present. Benton was also present and a candidate for the United States Senate. Here was the foundation for the most terrible fight ever had in Missouri, but it was happily avoided by the judicious friends of both parties. There were, no doubt, hundreds of men there heavily armed. 'Twas said old Dr. Lowry has his pistol out and cocked, flourishing it around.

Wilson Adams, who lived in Howard County, Missouri, on the Bonne Femme (good woman) whom I knew well and I heard him often tell of his life among the Indians. I have forgotten the tribe, as it was one whose tribe name I was not familiar with. His wife was a sister of my old friend, Ned Davis.

When he was a little boy, I suppose a hundred years ago, in Kentucky, the Indians stole or captured him. The chief had a son of just his age and size; they soon became attached and friends, the chief taking the little white boy in his family. These boys grew up together, the admiration of the whole tribe. Here is one of their exploits:

They concluded they could run down a bunch of elks, having previously learned that these animals on long chasing return over the same ground. After a round of several miles, while one ran the other rested. By night the elk would scarcely get out of their way, so both lay down to rest and sleep. In the morning the game was there and they slaughtered the whole bunch.

I have forgotten how his friends found where he was and got him home; he was for some time unwilling to give up his Indian home and friends and returned there several times until he met Miss Davis, fell in love and married her, after which he remained in Kentucky; and at an early day, moved to Missouri, where I knew him, a pleasant and fine specimen of an old man, and was in comfortable circumstances. I don't think they ever had any children; he was yet alive when I left Missouri in 1846.

Mrs. Kunkle had two uncles in Missouri, who moved from Kentucky about the time Missouri was made a state, William Wright and his brother, Thomas. They were brothers of her mother. Nicholas Wright, who distinguished himself in the Mexican War, was William Wright's son; he belonged to General Donivan's command, who crossed the plains from Missouri to New Mexico and was General Donivan's aid and principal scout in a battle in New Mexico, where they were attacked by a superior force. From some cause it fell upon Nick to take command, in which he greatly displayed his skill as commander and

his personal bravery. I do not know what became of him; have heard nothing in forty years.

Governor Miller, of Missouri, an old bachelor, but renowned for his bravery as an Indian fighter under General Harrison, used to come to Fayette frequently, having many personal and political friends thereabouts. One of his best was old Mr. John Jackson. The Governor was at the show, when the old man came in who spied out a big, ugly baboon approaching him and said: "You must be akin to Governor Miller." One of the old man's friends whispered to him: "There is Governor Miller; he must have heard you; had you not best apologize?" The old man, in reply, said he believed an apology necessary, but he did not know which to make it to, the Governor or the monkey.

John Moon was another of General Harrison's old soldiers, from Kentucky originally but living in Missouri. He had been a brave and good soldier, but would get drunk when he came to town; and the town boys would play pranks on him; call him a coward. On an occasion of this kind, he played possum; pretended to be asleep and very drunk; had his knife ready and open. When one of the bigger boys pulled his hoary beard, he whacked the knife up to the handle into the boy, which proved to be an almost fatal stab and broke up the boys' fun with old Johnny Moon. Whenever he heard that Governor Miller was there, he would come to town and would be telling of his war reminiscences and calling in the Governor to corroborate. He was taken with other prisoners and guarded in what they called the bull pens. He could beat his arms and his sides and crow like a chicken. The battle had been a bloody one; they, in the pen, were soon surrounded by a curious crowd of mostly women, Indian and white. Moon got on an elevated position and made them a speech and told them in place of their being here to make fun of a few ragged prisoners, they had better hurry to the field of battle and care for their dead and wounded husbands and sweethearts, and whilst the white women somewhat lowered their heads, he flapped his sides, as before told, and crowed like a cock. The Indians just yelled and laughed and said: "White man chicken again, chicken again!"

When Moon was discharged he would not wait for pay or rations, but started for home and had a pretty hard time, sometimes hungry. On one such occasion he came to where there seemed to be a gathering of some kind; he called and soon found out that it was a wedding party awaiting the arrival of the preacher.

In the meantime he had got the points pretty well. By the time he had a nice glass of peach brandy and honey and a good dinner, he said that his name was Smith and that he was a Baptist Army preacher on his way home to Kentucky, and that he would offer his services to marry the couple, but was afraid it might not be legal; but that he would pray on the matter and if the preacher did not come, he would see about it in the morning. In the morning, after getting another swig at the good peach brandy and honey and his breakfast, he married the couple. They filled his knap-sack with provisions, including a bottle of the good peach brandy. They insisted on his staying until after Sunday to preach for them, but he made some plausible excuse, so they bade brother Smith an affectionate farewell and he went on. He said he would have stayed longer, but the peach brandy and honey was so good he knew he'd get drunk.

I find I'll have to curtail these narratives and go on with my own history, or never get through.

Brother James, who had been in Missouri several years and lived with us, came home when we came, stayed here in Virginia a year or two and went to California in 1849 or 1850. He was the young one of the family; his next older brother, Cooper Waddle and he went together to California. From there James went to Australia and from there we had occasional letters, but have not heard from him for many years; presume he is dead.

After a few years brother Waddle returned to Virginia; remained a year or two and again to California; and from there to Washington Territory, where he had a contract for a section of superstructure on a railroad on Snake River, where he was blown up by dynamite and thrown into that river with a considerable sum of money he kept on his person. A man at his side sharing this same fate and neither of their bodies were ever recovered.

Brother John, whilst a soldier belonging to the Confederate Army, was a prisoner confined in a northern prison and died of scurvy about the time of the surrender enroute for home, or perhaps in Richmond, and was buried in the Soldiers Cemetery in Richmond.

The time had moved around when I must begin again for the care of my growing family, wife and two children, John Robert and Luella Susan. We had paid out far enough to learn that it would take a compromise to relieve me of my personal obligations and securities for others. My brother-in-law, Dabney

F. Cooper, was a good business man in whom I had full confidence, and he agreed to undertake it and settle up my unsettled affairs. With that aim, I gave him a deed for all of my property of every kind; the land office was doing very little business and others parties were (and other parties were) appointed who did not need my services, so we, with brother James, embarked at Glasgow for St. Louis, having a few hundred dollars in money, not fully determined whether we would strike from there to Chicago or to Virginia. Our boat had come up the day previous on a good stage of water and we were running with speed, hoping to get to the city by night, when just below the mouth of the Gasconade, we ran into a sand bar that had been formed after our boat had passed up the river the day before. Here we remained ten days. The current had changed to the other side; we could not back; we had to work our way over by putting out spars and prizing up the boat and working her over for about a mile. No other boat could get near enough to give us any help. Our provisions gave out and but for hogs on the boat we might have suffered. We remained in St. Louis a few days. My health not being robust, we concluded to go to Virginia.

At Cincinnati, Mrs. Kunkle and I went, with some other ladies, up into the city, leaving brother Jimmy and a little colored girl, Esther, with the children. We overstayed our time, and they were hauling in the gang planks when we came in sight. They had waited half an hour, whistling and ringing bells for us.

We went up the Ohio river to Johnstown, and over the Cumberland Mountains in the stages and by way of Harpers Ferry home.

I did some trading, making about what kept us; kept house awhile in Greenville; went to Culpeper and spent some time at Uncle Lee's. Cousin Allie was married to Mr. Richard Cooper. Whilst we were there, about this time, William H. Bell sent me word that he would like to join me and open a store at Panther Gap, the merchants there, Hutcheson and Moffett, having sold out and were about moving away. So the arrangement was made, each party advancing an equal amount of cash. I then had an uncommonly fine large gray horse that I worked in a no-top buggy, with a shallow body. I was then frequently in Staunton and stopped with my friend Joseph Woodward. Leaving them one evening to go out to father's, where wife and children were staying. There was then on the ground and roads about six inches of soft snow and mud. After passing Buffalo Gap and having eight miles

to go and it was then dark, I felt for my pocket book, which I usually kept in my left-hand pants pocket; it was not in its usual place; neither was it in any of my pockets. In it was all the money I had; I got down and felt carefully over the bottom of the buggy; no pocket book; the case was then quite billious. I took some time to consider; concluded that, in the condition of the roads, if she had got out of the buggy, she was gone up, so drove along slowly the eight miles. In crossing the spring branch on Father's land, while the horse drank, I took another search; found a hole in my overcoat pocket; and soon had my hand on the wallet all safe. This made a reaction in my feelings that in some degree compensated. I had wrapped up before paying my bill and had carelessly used the wrong pocket.

Soon thereafter I went to Philadelphia and bought the goods. The property at Panther Gap belonged to Sterrett and Hoge, store house and farm, so we kept entertainment and sold goods and did a reasonably good business for several years; but a terrible calamity befell us. John Robert and Luella were at Mr. Bell's going to school and died with scarlet fever and James William, our baby, died also. The dust of all three lies in Bethel churchyard in one grave. Their nurse, a colored servant girl, also died.

It was pretty well understood that the road would come by Goshen and Panther Gap, and I knew, of course, there would be a depot at Goshen, and I told Mr. Bell so. He said: "Blame the depot; I wish I could sell out and move away." He said he would take twenty dollars an acre. I told him I would give him that for fourteen acres, to be located on the land after the railroad was located. We traded and I gave him the money at once and he gave me a receipt, which recited our bargain; neither of us was to speak of the transaction.

Some time thereafter Mr. Goodloe came and proposed to buy my interest in the store; he after this proposed to sell me his farm, River Bend, at five thousand dollars, and take my interest in the store as far as it would go and me to give yearly bonds of five hundred dollars, each payable annually, without interest, for the balance. In the meantime John W. Frazier had bought the Rockbridge Alum Springs and had died; William, his brother, was his administrator. The estate was largely in debt and they wanted to pay it and save the springs property, and he, having heard that we had been hotel keepers, proposed that we should go and assist him in the general management, so Mrs. Kunkle and self went at the end of the season. There had been

nothing said about wages. He gave us one hundred dollars per month. Cooper, I think, was then four or five years old and was with us. Here we made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Abrahams and sold him land for ten thousand dollars.

About this time Alexander Sloan, of Lexington, bought the Cold Sulphur Springs. His family came out to spend the summer; he had six daughters and one son, John, who died during the war. He was a fine young man; don't recollect whether he was killed or came home sick and died; most of the girls were grown, smart and wild. The carpenters were at the springs doing some work; at night went fishing in Bratton's Run close by; caught fish and killed a rattle snake. These wild girls came home from the woods, where they frequently went graping, berrying, etc., late in the day, tired and hungry, so they ransacked the place for something to eat; they found the remains of the snake in the skillet, the carpenters having fried him to get the oil. The girls, thinking it to be fish, actually ate the whole of this large rattle snake.

Mr. Sloan was renowned as a quiz and fun maker. He had a store and hotel in Lexington. On one occasion a countryman called at his bar for a drink. Sloan set down a tumbler and bottle; the man filled the tumbler; drank it off; laid down his nickel; and was about leaving, when Mr. Sloan gave him back his money, telling him he only had retail license and could not sell wholesale. Him and self roomed together when buying goods in Philadelphia. Our room was crowded every night with his friends that came in to hear him and have fun. On Sunday we took a long walk and when on the outskirts of the city a pretty decent looking man said: "Walk in, gentlemen, and see the greatest curiosity you ever saw — a dog that is part bear-." We went in and the man behind the bar said: "Gentlemen, what will you take?" After we drank, each a glass of beer, Sloan said: "Now, we'll see your dog that is part bear. There was a big dog tied up in the corner; the barkeeper turned his back to me and said: "Look under his tail, gentlemen."

Sloan said to me, after a big laugh: "Let's go." He said "Now this curiosity will be interesting to the fellows; I'll see to it if you'll keep dark." So it was but a day or two until almost every salesman in Philadelphia knew Alick Sloan.

Our families were friends as long as they lived near me. Mrs. Jo Goodloe, of Goshen, was one of the girls.

We lived at River Bend a year or two, in the brick house south of the river. Mrs. Kunkle was sick when grandmother Kunkle came to see her and stay with her a while. When grandma saw the condition in the foundation of the house, she said we must move and was so solicitous that we moved and the very day thereafter the house tumbled down. We moved into some very good cabins we had on the same side of the river and remained in them until we gave Mr. Abraham's possession, when we moved to Crawford's Spring, near Pond Gap.

After making arrangements to go into the iron business, as before stated, bought the ground and built the house and depot there and was depot agent and postmaster, and had a small store. My partner, William A. Burk, carried on the furnace (Esteline); Edward M. Cushing was detailed as his assistant. By this time the war was on us in full blast; our money depreciated; and everything was getting worse and worse. We had fifty men and several teams, when we had to refugee, crossing the Blue Ridge into Nelson County and barely escaped capture, by changing our course down Rockfish River into Mr. John Goodloe's. The Yankees were met at Lynchburg and were glad to get away in double quick with whole hides.

Our hands at the furnace were principally Tuckahoe negroes we hired at about one hundred dollars per year, and furnished them with board and clothing. When the war ended we owed large debts that nothing but the sale of the furnace property at a big price enabled us to pay.

After the death of our children, wife's health and nervous system was not what it had previously been; the then great object of my life was to restore her; the physicians recommended change and out door exercise; the war going on seemed to be an advantage to her. She became so interested in the southern cause that she went in heart and soul and, for the years of the war, our house and its contents, was always kept open to confederates, let them be officers or privates; none were turned away hungry from the door; the end of the war found her in improved health but sadly down in fortune, having spent in this way during the war at least ten thousand dollars. That, with the losses in the iron business, and our moving from place to place and particularly to Staunton, where we lost heavily in time and real estate, we had almost struck bottom.

I was by this time discouraged and too old to work and too timid to undertake new business and I can hardly tell how we

lived for more than twenty years; most of the time with no income and but for the sale of some remnants of property, the proceeds of which has kept us, we might have suffered for bread, but the good Lord has been kind in providing, and when things look dark ahead so that we cannot see through the clouds, we must trust Him.

I was post-master at Craigsville for four years of this time; that brought us a comfortable living, the income of which was over two hundred dollars per annum. I cannot give dates and my recollection of the occurrences of the last thirty years, or since the war began, and especially of dates, is very imperfect; but after leaving River Bend, Crawford Springs, Pond Gap, Tilt-Hammer, Summerdean, Staunton (two moves), Old McCulloch farm, Alderson, West Virginia (2 moves), Ferrell, Craigsville (3 moves, once burned out, dwelling house on Hite place clandestinely burned), the house we live in at Craigsville was bought by Joseph W. Cooper, Mrs. Kunkle's brother of California, and given to us for our life-time, then to Dulaney Brown Kunkle, to belong to him thereafter. J. Lewis Bumgardner is the Trustee.

I bought the Brown Hill property in my name as trustee of S. A. Kunkle and her children, with my own money, and also in the same way the Hite place; our necessities compelled me to sell the Hite place and a part of the Brown Hill tract. Of this last only six or eight acres, in which all of the parties joined in the deeds of sale, and the proceeds has gone to our living, that is, of the family at home. Jacob gave me a deed for his share in all this property before he went west, which is duly executed and has been recorded in proper office in Staunton.

(Signed) David Kunkle

Written at Stone Gap, Wise County, Virginia, in
September, October and November, 1897.

(Signed) David Kunkle

Born in 1809, therefore was then 88 years of age.

This account, along with the Addenda, was given to me by (Richard) Hunter Kunkel, 928 S. Park Drive, Asheboro, N. C. 27203, in April 1978. I copied it just as it was written, but made it single space instead of triple space to reduce the number of sheets.

Hunter said it was given to him by his father, Richard Cooper Kunkel, but he did not know who had the typewritten account made. Hunter is a great grandson of David. I am a great granddaughter of William Kunkle, David's brother; hence Hunter and I are third cousins.

Eleanor Vanneman Benson

CHRISTMAS IN STAUNTON, circa 1880

Editor, Evening Leader:

In the early eighties Christmas in Staunton was celebrated somewhat different than now.

Our streets had no electric lights and street lighting consisted of feeble gas jets on lamp posts which were on only a few of our main streets.

All streets being more or less dark and muddy, many persons carried lanterns at night and often entered church carrying a lantern.

It is also true, most persons stayed home in the evening.

Stores compared to now, carried very little Christmas cheer. Women's readymade wearing apparel was nil, excepting winter coats, all else being made in the home or by a "seamstress" or "dressmaker."

There were no window displays as plate glass had not arrived in Staunton.

One of the main events was the Christmas entertainment and tree in most of the Churches, which was attended by both young and old. It is curious to note that there were very few Christmas trees in our private homes, excepting those of Germans of which there were about twenty families.

The Germans lighted their trees with small tallow candles and distributed gifts on Christmas Eve. German children's gifts were brought by the Christkindlein (Christ Child) instead of Santa Claus. Christmas Day was for the older ones and consisted of going to church, feasting, and the wassail bowl.

Feasting in most homes was limited on account of dearth of funds, as most folks were still suffering from the ravages of the Civil War.

Yet, there was one pleasure in which nearly all took great delight and that was the exploding of fire crackers.

These fire crackers (squibs) were all of Chinese manufacture and ranged in size from very small (5¢ for about 50) to giant

cannon crackers four inches in diameter and a foot long, costing up to fifty cents each.

There were two brothers who had made a large tin horn over ten feet long with a fifteen inch bell which they tooted to the joy of all. Here was music you did not have to crowd near to hear as it could be enjoyed better a quarter of a mile away.

Cracker shooting began at 6 P. M. Christmas Eve when bedlam broke out down town which quieted down in about an hour but all through the night and Christmas Day loud reports would be heard.

Unfortunately, with thirteen bar-rooms and three liquor stores, there was excessive drinking with many, some on Christmas Eve winding up in jail and others staggering home, causing unhappiness.

Yet people seemed just as happy then as now. And now, as in a few days it will be the birthday of that humble carpenter of Nazareth, who asked for nothing but gave all, to extend to all my hearty greetings for a full and joyful Christmas and may the New Year have nothing in store but peace and happiness.

R. R. H.

Articles of Agreement between Thomas Walker, Samuel B. Finley, and Joshua Huff and David Beard, 1850

When gold was discovered at Sutter's Mill on the South Fork of the American River in California on January 24, 1848, there was a profound effect on the rest of the United States that continued for several years. Among the "Argonauts" affected by the lure of perhaps "quick wealth" were 4 men of Augusta County who formed a company for the purpose of mining gold in the Territory of California. Two of the four financed the trip so the other two could do the work. We know that there were more than two who made the long trek from Augusta County, Virginia, to the goldfields. One of the Heiskell sons died there — the 4 Merritt sons made the trip — two of the 4 brothers stayed in the West — the other two returned to Augusta County. As for Joshua Huff and David Beard, who are two of the principals in the Articles of Agreement, we do not know what their success was in their trip to the goldfields. The contract with Thomas Walker and Samuel B. Finley is the only record found. The original document is in the Perkins Library, Duke University, Durham, North Carolina.

"An Article of Agreement Entered into this first day of April In the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty: Between Thos, Walker and Saml B. Finley one (of) the one part and Joshua Huff and David Beard on the other part; all of the County of Augusta and State of Virginia.

The above named Thos Walker, and Saml B. Finley, do agree to furnish to the said Joshua Huff and David Beard, Each the sum of Three Hundred and Sixty Dollars, to defray, or so much as is necessary of this amount their traveling Expenses — from Augusta Co Va by way of Cincinatti and St. Louis to some eligible point on the Missouri River — And from thence by mule conveyance on the Over Land route to the Gold Mines in California, Territory of the United States.

The said Walker & Finley do agree that the said Huff and Beard, may furnish themselves each with one Gun—and between them one Revolver Pistol—and also to each one Two Mules and

the necessary equipment including provisions sufficient for their sustenance during their Journey from Missouri to California.

The said Huff and Beard do agree to furnish themselves with all the necessary clothing for the journey out of their own funds And to keep a correct account of All the funds received and paid out during the trip out to California — and on their arival at the mines in California to sell all the mules and their equipage: or employ them in the most profitable manner for the interest of the Company — In the Event the said Huff and Beard sell the mules and their rigging they bind themselves individually and jointly to place the proceeds of the same and all the funds or moneys on hand on their arival in California: and If sold by them the proceeds of the Guns and Pistol & to the credit of the said Walker and Finley — which amounts above specified are to be returned or refunded to the said Thos Walker and Saml B. Finley before there is any division made of the proceeds their Huff and Beards Labour.

We Joshua Huff and David Beard do solemnly bind ourselves individually and jointly to the said Thos Walker and Saml B. Finley; to devoted all our time and energies for the space of term of two years — Either labouring at our trades (House Carpenters) or in digging gold in the mines of California a Territory of the United States — and also to keep a correct account of all money paid out and of all gold dust or money of any kind or any species of property received by us individually or jointly; and on settlement which may be had at any time during the term of agreement that the said Walker & Finley may deam it to truly account for the same

For and in consideration of the above specified privileges and accommodations we Joshua Huff and David Beard do bind ourselves our Heirs & to Thos Walker and Saml B. Finley their heirs & to give to them jointly one Half of all the proceeds of Our Labour be it in gold dust or coin or valuable minerals of any sort or of any species of property whatever — after paying of their necessary Expenses whilst in California a Territory of the United States — up to the date or dates of settlement or for the term of Agreement stipulated; The other remaining half is to be divided equally between the said Huff and Beard or their Heirs; We also, Huff and Beard bind ourselves, or honor and to each other and to — to remain together to aid and assist each other

whenever necessary for the Interest of the Company — and to take care of each other in sickness; and to act in concert in all — concerning the Interest of the Company

For the fulfilment of the above obligations we bind ourselves Our Heirs & each other — in the sums of Three Thousand Dollars each we hereunto set our hands and seals This 1st day April 1850

Witness
Geo C. Bourland
Levi Beard

Thomas Walker
by Jas Walker
Saml B. Finley
Joshua Huff
David Beard”

Augusta County Obituaries, 1850-1851

By Anne Covington Kidd

(Continued from Volume 16, Number 1)

Died, in this place, on Friday evening last ... Elizabeth ADAMS, daughter of Ezekiel Adams, aged 12 years and 3 months. (1 May 1850)

Died, near Staunton, on Tuesday evening, the 21st inst., Mr. John ALLEN, aged about 40 years. (29 May 1850)

Died, on the 15th ult., at the house of Mr. James Tate, near Greenville, in the 19th year of her age, Miss Martha Janetta ALLEN, daughter of Mr. William Allen, of Pocahontas County. (3 April 1850)

Died ... at the residence of Mr. Judson Macoy, in this place, on Sunday morning last, Miss Ella L. B. AMISS, of Winchester ... about eighteen years of age. (30 April 1851)

A negro man named ANDERSON, belonging to Col. Jas. Crawford, was found dead about a mile from town, on the Port Republic road, on Saturday evening last. (18 December 1850)

Died, on Thursday last, at his residence on Back Creek, Capt. John ANDERSON, aged about 55 years. (12 June 1850)

Died, in Middlebrook, on Monday morning, Nov. 24th, Martha Ann (ARGE BRIGHT), daughter of John and Catherine Argebright, aged 7 years and 28 days. (3 December 1851)

Died, at the Virginia Hotel, on Thursday last, Mr. — BALT-ZELL, of Baltimore ... was traveling to regain his health His remains were taken to Baltimore for interment. (22 May 1850) ... died of congestion of the brain. (29 May 1850)

Died, at the residence of her Father, on South River, in this County, on the 3d inst., Corilla Floyd BARE, daughter of Mr. John Bare, in the 18th year of her age. (26 March 1851)

Died, At the residence of her father, Mr. Jas. H. Langford, Edgar co., Illinois, on the 20th ult., Mrs. Licinda BATTOW, consort of Isaac Battow, formerly of Augusta co., Va., aged 28 (?) years, 7 months and 20 days. (12 March 1851)

Died, at her residence in this County, on the 1st day of June last, Mrs. Delilah BEACH, in her 66th year surviving children. (24 July 1850)

Died, on the 2nd inst., at her residence in this County, Mrs. Nancy BEAR, wife of Mr. Harvey Bear, and daughter of the late James Bell, aged 32 years. (13 March 1850)

Died, in Courtland, Ala., on the 17th ult., Mr. James M. BEEMER, formerly of this place. (4 June 1851)

Died, on Saturday night, the 5th inst., after a few days illness, Dr. Edmund BERKELEY, of this place well known in this community for the last fifteen years late a member of this (Trinity) Vestry and an exemplary Warden of this Parish. (9 April 1851)

Died, in Mt. Solon ... on Thursday the 28th ult., William BLAKEMORE, son of Wesley and Margaret Blakemore, aged 16 years. (6 March 1850)

Died, at the Eagle Hotel, in this place, on Friday night last, Mr. William T. BOND, from the county of Upshire, aged — years. (15 October 1851)

Died, on Christian's Creek, on Sunday evening last, Mrs. — BRADY, wife of Mr. John Brady, at an advanced age. (18 September 1850)

Died, on Wednesday last the 7th of May ... Mrs. Margaret BROOKE, wife of Robert S. Brooke, Esq., of this place; and ... on yesterday, just one week after, the heart-stricken husband, Capt. BROOKE himself breathed his last large number of orphaned children. (14 May 1851) Died, on the 8th inst., Mrs. Margaret BROOKE, and on the following Tuesday her husband, Robert S. BROOKE, Esq., (married) for nearly eighteen years late a member of this (Trinity) Vestry (member) of the Board of Directors of the Western Lunatic Asylum. (21 May 1851)

Died, on Thursday last, at an advanced age, Mrs. — BROWN, relict of the late Chancellor Jno. Brown. (21 May 1851)

Died, on Friday the 23rd instant, Ann Elizabeth (BROWN), daughter of Mrs. Antionette Brown, of this place had just completed her 20th year. (28 August 1850)

Died, on Monday the 2nd inst., Mrs. Elizabeth BROWN wife of Mr. Jeremiah Brown, aged 45 years, — She left a husband and nine children member of the M. E. Church. (11 June 1851)

Died, in Staunton, at the residence of Col. John B. Baldwin, on the 14th inst., Mrs. Fanny Peyton BROWN, widow of the late Gen. John Brown, first Chancellor of the Staunton Chancery District, aged 88 years. Fanny Peyton daughter of Henry Peyton and Margaret Gallahue was born at Milford in Prince William county, in the colony of Virginia on the 12th of October, 1762, and married at the same place in 1784. Ten years afterwards Gen. Brown removed with his family to Romney in Hampshire

county where he practiced his profession, till 1796, when he removed to Moorefield in Hardy, which district he represented in the College of Electors for Virginia He continued the practice of his profession till the establishment of the Chancery Court at Staunton in 1802, when having been elected Chancellor he came to reside in Staunton. Since his death in 1827 his widow has resided in this place with her son-in-law, Judge Briscoe G. Baldwin and her grand-son Col. Baldwin She lost in its conflicts (Revolutionary War) three brothers Her descendants to the fourth generation are widely scattered over the State and Union. (28 May 1851)

Died, on Tuesday last, at an advanced age, at the residence of his son, Capt. William BROWN, formerly of Waynesborough his remain were interred with Masonic honors. (23 October 1850)

Died, in this place, on Monday night last, Henry BRYAN, aged about 18 years. (30 October 1850)

Died, near Staunton, on Sunday last ... Mrs. Elizabeth A. BURNS, consort of Mr. William Burns, and daughter of John Rhyan, sen., in the — year of her age. (22 May 1850)

Died, at the residence of her son James S. Bush, near Waynesboro, on the 13th of September, Mrs. Rachael BUSH, in the 92d year of her age. (24 September 1851)

Died, in this place, on Thursday evening last, Mr. Francis BWOLES, in the 27th year of his age. (3 July 1850) Tribute of Respect. Charity Division, No. 6, Sons of Temperance ... worthy Treasurer, Francis BOWLS. (10 July 1850)

Died, on Thursday morning the 25th inst., after a protracted illness ... Mr. David CALE, near Middlebrook, in the 55th year of his age has left a widow and seven children. (31 July 1850)

Died, on Monday evening last, Mrs. Elizabeth CALHOON, wife of the Rev. William Calhoon, of this County, and daughter of the Rev. Dr. Jas. Waddell, dec'd. (28 May 1851)

Died, at the residence of his brother-in-law, Capt. Kenton Harper, in this county, Mr. John CALHOUN: — Heretired to rest as usual on Monday night, the 1st inst., and was found dead in his bed next morning. (3 December 1851) ... in the 60th year of his age was a native of Chambersburg, Penn. in which he grew to manhood resided for a number of years in Lexington, Kentucky — but for the last fifteen or twenty years ... has lived in Staunton for a number of years connected with the Staunton

Spectator, of which his brother-in-law Capt. Harper was Editor. (17 December 1851)

Died, in this county, on Thursday last, Rev. William CALHOUN, aged upwards of 80 years. (3 September 1851) ... was born in Prince Edward on the 2d Jany. 1771 the son of Adam Calhoon, who was brother to Patrick, father of John C. Calhoon connected with the Presbyterian church he qualified himself for the gospel ministry, chiefly under the instruction of Dr. John B. Smith, of Hampden Sidney Immediately after licensure, he engaged in a Missionary tour through the Counties of Greenbrier and Botetourt (then to) Kentucky ... at Elkhorn and ... at Ashridge and Cherry Spring. In 1797 he was called to settle in Louisa county (and) formed a matrimonial alliance with Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Waddell ... known as the Blind Preacher A call from the united churches of Hebron and Staunton sometime in 1804 or 5 determined him to occupy that field, and in this associated charge he exercised his ministry for about twenty years. At the expiration of this period the church in Staunton was given up, and his pastoral labors confined to Hebron alone. This church though comparatively small at first, in the course of a ministry covering a space of nearly thirty years, was greatly prospered, and at the dissolution of the pastoral relation ... in 1834, was hardly second in respectability and influence to any congregation in the bounds of the Lexington Presbytery. (10 September 1851)

An interesting boy, (—— CALVERT), aged four years, the son of Mrs. Calvert, fell dead while at play on Monday afternoon last was from Staunton. *Win. Virg.* (1 May 1850)

Died, on Sunday morning, April 20, Samuel M. (CAMERON), infant son of William and Elizabeth Cameron, of this county. (7 May 1851)

Died, on the 1st instant, at the residence of the Rev. Wm. G. Campbell, Mary Jane (CAMPBELL), infant daughter and only child of Dr. Samuel R. and Mary Campbell. (10 July 1850)

Died, in this place, on Monday morning last, Vernon (CEASE), son of Mr. Henry Cease, aged about 17 years. (14 August 1850)

Died, at her residence in this County, on Sunday the 28th of July, Mrs. Margaret CHRISTIAN, wife of Ebenezer Christian, in the 36th year of her age bereaved husband and children. (14 August 1850)

Died, on Saturday the 9th inst., Elizabeth Rebecca (CLARKE), infant daughter of Samuel E. and Anne Amelia Clarke. (13 August 1851)

Died, in the town of Buchanon, Lewis county . . . on the 8th day of January . . . George W. (COFFMAN), infant son of George A. and Catharine Coffman, formerly of Augusta county, aged 7 months and 5 days. (13 February 1850)

Superior Court. — The case of Benj. Chandler, indicted for murder of John COINER on the 25th Dec., was tried last week verdict of *acquittal*. (12 June 1850)

DROWNED. — We learn that a man named Richard COLEMAN, was drowned in the North River, on the night of the 13th inst. while attempting to cross the stream in a boat was under the influence of drink at the time his object in attempting to cross the stream was to visit a man with whom he was at variance . . . before starting he stated that he would "whip him that night or eat his breakfast in hell." Awful speech, and striking visitation of providence! (25 September 1850)

Departed this life, on the 1st inst., in the 57th year of her age, Mrs. Martha CRAIG, wife of James Craig, Esq., of Augusta County. (15 and 22 January 1851)

Died, at the residence of her son Mr. H. J. Crawford, on the 18th inst., Mrs. Frances E. CRAWFORD, in the 75th year of her age, relict of the late Dr. H. J. Crawford, of Richmond, Virginia had resided in this community for several years was a native of Ireland and emigrant to this country nearly 40 years since . . . a member of the Baptist Church. (22 January 1851)

Died . . . on Sunday morning the 5th of October, Signora Floyd (CRAWFORD), infant daughter of Jane Ann and James W. Crawford, aged 10 months and 6 days. (15 October 1851)

Died, on Thursday the 4th inst., after a brief illness, Miss Susan V. CRAWFORD, daughter of Col. James Crawford, in the 18th year of her age. (10 July 1850)

Died, in this place, on Monday evening last . . . Mr. Merrill CUSHING a native of the state of Maine, but for many years past a citizen of this place member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. (23 January 1850) . . . aged 49 years . . . removed to Richmond about . . . 1819, and from thence to this place . . . for . . . 21 years wife of his bosom and the children of his care, he lavished the wealth of his best affections. (30 January 1850)

Died, at his residence near Mt. Solon, some two or three weeks since, Mr. Jacob DAGGY . . . of Augusta county. (27 March 1850)

Died, on Saturday morning the 8th inst., Charles Henry (DAVIS), youngest son of James F. and Eliza Jane Davis, aged 11 months and 20 days. (19 March 1851)

Died, on Thursday evening last, Mrs. Nancy DAVIS, aged about 60 years. (12 February 1851)

Died, in New Hope, on Sunday the 14th of July . . . Miss Elizabeth (DICKENSON), eldest daughter of R. W. Dickenson, in the 18th year of her age. (24 July 1850)

Died, in New Hope, on Friday night last . . . Mrs. Julia DICKENSON, wife of Robert W. Dickenson; aged about 36 years leaves a husband and several children. (10 April 1850)

Died, on Tuesday the 22nd of April . . . John W. (DOLD), son of Dr. Addison Dold, in the 11th year of his age. (14 May 1851)

Died, on Saturday 5th inst., Robert (DOOM), aged about 14 years, and on Monday the 14th, William (DOOM), aged about 6 years, Sons of Mathew and Peggy Doom. (16 October 1850) Both had died of putrid sore throat others of the same family of children have been and are still afflicted by the same disease. (23 October 1850)

Died, on the 6th inst., at the residence of his brother-in-law, Simpson F. Taylor, Esq., Mr. Franklin DOWELL, aged 40. (15 January 1851)

Died, on Wednesday night last, Miss Margaret Ann (DUNLAP), in the 25th year of her age. (29 January 1851)

Died, on Monday evening, May 5th, Margaret Virginia (DUNLAP), daughter of William R. and Mary J. Dunlap, in the tenth year of her age. (21 May 1851)

Died, of Cholera, on the Ohio River, on the — inst., Mr. Alexander DYER, oldest son of Mrs. Dyer, Matron of the Western Asylum. (28 August 1850)

Died, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Geo. W. Campbell, in this place, on Tuesday morning last, Mrs. Rebecca EAGON, consort of the late Sampson Eagon, in the 74th year of her age. (3 April 1850)

Died, at the residence of her husband in Highland County, Virginia, Frances ERVINE, consort of William Ervine, in the 56th (?) year of her age. (23 October 1850) Mrs. E. was born in Augusta County . . . where she married and resided until 1822,

when she removed with her husband to Pendleton (now Highland) County, where she died on the 27th of September joined the Presbyterian Church (later) joined the Methodist Episcopal Church children. (30 October 1850)

Died, at Guyandotte, Va., on Saturday the 6th of July, in the 64th year of her age, Mrs. Margaret F. ESKRIDGE, wife of William S. Eskridge, Esq., formerly of Staunton was returning from Louisiana, where she had been visiting a daughter, when, at Guyandotte, she was attacked by Cholera was attended by her husband and one of her daughters. (24 July 1850)

Died, in this place, on Thursday evening last, Mrs. Margaret M. ESKRIDGE, wife of Rev. A. A. Eskridge, aged 33 years. Her remains were taken to Cedar Grove in Rockbridge for burial. (30 April 1851)

Died, on the morning of the 1st inst., at his residence on the "Glade," in this County, John M. ESTILL, Esq., in the 74th year of his age. (8 May 1850) For many years past, a victim of that most distressing malady, Hypochondriasis member of Mossy Creek Church. (15 May 1850)

Died, in this place, on Monday last, Mrs. Margaret FARISH, wife of Mr. Thomas Farish, and daughter of Henry Taylor, aged about 22 years. (11 June 1851)

We learn that Robert J. FARRAR, well known in this community as a man of intemperate habits, was drowned in a Spring a few miles from Staunton, on Wednesday last. In the attempt to drink from the Spring, while in a state of intoxication, he fell in head foremost. (26 June 1850)

Died, on Friday morning, the 25th inst., at her residence near Waynesborough, Mrs. Nancy FERTIG. (30 July 1851)

Died, near New Hope, on Saturday the 27th ult., (—— FISHER), infant son of William and Julia Fisher. (7 August 1850)

Died, on Wednesday 27th ult., at about 2 o'clock, A. M., Ann Elizabeth (FISHER), infant daughter of John and Ann G. Fisher, of this town, aged — days. (6 March 1850)

Died, on Monday 22d inst., Margaret Susan Hamilton (FIX), daughter of Capt. John and Sarah Jane Fix, aged 15 months. (31 July 1850)

Died, in this place in the 5th inst., John Davis (FORBES), infant son of Mr. James Forbes. (9 July 1851)

Died, near this place on Monday last, Mrs. Mary FORBUS, wife of Mr. James Forbus, aged about 30 years. (2 July 1851)

Deid, in this place on Monday night last, John FOX, aged about 14 years. (19 June 1850)

Died, at his residence in this county, on the 25th of October, Mr. Michael GARBER, in the 25th year of his age. (18 December 1850)

Died, at Madison Court-house, on the 14th inst., Mr. F. T. GEIGER, in the — year of his age formerly of this place. (19 March 1851)

Died, on Thursday last, at his residence in this county, Mr. David GILKESON, for many years a resident of Staunton, in the 75th year of his age. (17 September 1851)

Died, on the 1st of June ... Emma Cornelia (GILKESON), youngest child of William J. and Margaret C. Gilkeson, in the third year of her age. (25 June 1851)

Died, near Churchville, in this County, on Wednesday the 12th inst., Dr. Edwin M. GOOCH, in the 29th year of his age. (19 March 1851) ... at the residence of Capt. H. Sterrett ... in the 32d year of his age. (2 April 1851)

Died, at the residence of the Rev. Wm. G. Campbell, of this place, on Sunday the 1st of December, Miss Sallie GOOSELEY, in the — year of her age. (4 December 1850)

Died, on the morning of the 27th inst., in the 22nd year of her age, Ellen Walker GREEN, wife of Mr. Thomas N. Green, of Staunton, and daughter of J. D. Latham, Esq., of Washington City has left a doting husband and a lovely infant. (2 July 1851)

Died, in this place ... on Sunday morning last, Rosadel (GREEN), infant daughter of Thomas N. and Mary W. Green, aged about 1 year, 6 months and 13 days. (19 February 1851)

Died, on the 18th ult., Mr. Valentine GREEVER, aged about 40. (7 May 1851)

Died, On Thursday evening last, Mr. John H. GREGORY, son of Mr. James Gregory of this place, aged — years. (5 March 1851)

Died, on the 13th inst., at her residence, six miles from Staunton, Ann Elizabeth GREINER, in the 77th year of her age born in Georgetown, D. C., but removed, when young, to this State a member of the M. E. Church upwards of forty years Residing in a neighborhood in which her own denomination had no place of worship, her house was frequently opened for preaching. (19 February 1851)

Died, on Friday evening last . . . Mr. George GREINER, a highly respectable citizen of Augusta, aged about 50 years. (10 April 1850)

Died, January 8, 1851, at Rough and Ready Mines, California, Joseph GROVE, Esq., in the 56th year of his age. Also at the same place, on the 19th of the same month Joseph Lockhart GROVE, son of the former, in the 18th year of his age. Mr. Grove was a native of Augusta, and in his youth resided in Staunton, where he married afterwards removed to Missouri, and resided many years in Saline County . . . members of the Presbyterian Church. During the last year he went with three sons to California. (19 March 1851)

Died, at Deerfield, on the 11th inst., in the 40 (?) year of her age, Mrs. Mary Ann (GUY), wife of Wm. Guy, Esq., and daughter of John Sitlington, Esq., of Highland county member of the Presbyterian Church. (22 October 1851)

Died, on the 7th inst., Mrs. Nancy HAMILTON, wife of Wm. Hamilton, aged about 36 years member of the Presbyterian Church . . . has left a husband and five children. (30 April 1851)

Died, of paralysis, on the 9th of March last, at his residence in Washington county, Missouri, Capt. David HANGER, formerly of Augusta county, aged 70 years. (9 April 1851)

Died, at his residence in this county, on Friday morning last, Mr. John HARLAN, in the 37th year of his age. (30 January 1850) . . . of a scrofulous affliction . . . born in Petersburg . . . whence he removed to Harrisonburg in 1825, and thence to this county, in 1835, where he married member of the M. E. Church for about 20 years local preacher (leaves) wife . . . mother. (6 February 1850)

Died, at his residence on South River, in this County, on Sunday the 7th instant, Jacob HARNER, in the 79th year of his age a native of Maryland, but for many years past a citizen of this County member of the German Reformed Church. (17 July 1850)

Died, on Monday the 23rd ult., near Greenville, Mrs. Adelaide HARNEST, wife of Mr. Wm. M. Harnest, in the 25th year of her age. (3 & 10 July 1850)

Died, on Wednesday last, at his residence near this place, Mr. Henry HARTMAN, aged about 86 years. (30 October 1850)

Died, on Thursday morning Oct. 30th, at his residence at Annedal, near Staunton, Col. Samuel HARSBERGER, in the (?) 4th year of his age Col. Harnsberger was a gentleman, a husband, a father member . . . of the Methodist Episcopal Church. (5 November 1851) Tribute of Respect. A Magistrate. (5 November 1851) Tribute of Respect. Deerfield Division, No. 270, S. of T. D. G. W. P. of the State of Va., and the Judicial Deputy of Augusta District. (12 November 1851)

Died, at the residence of Mr. John Bush, on Saturday last, Mrs. Mary W. HARRIS, aged 55 years member of the Baptist Church. (5 March 1851)

Died, at the residence of her brother, in this place . . . Miss Henrietta HARRY, aged about 41 years. (28 May 1851)

Died, in Prince George County, Maryland, on the 12th inst., Maj. Alex. St. Clair HEISKELL, formerly of this place. (24 December 1851)

Died, on Friday last, the 31st inst. after a short illness, Mrs. Mildred HENDREN, wife of the Rev. Jno. Hendren, D. D., of this county. (5 November 1851) She was the daughter of highly respectable parents of Amherst member of the Presbyterian Church In the year 1834, she became the wife of the Rev. Dr. Hendren, and filled a mother's place to his motherless children. (19 November 1851)

Died, at Buchanan, Lewis county, Va., on the 14th inst., Mrs. Ann M. HENSELEY, wife of Enoch H. Henseley, and daughter of Edmund C. Bridges, formerly of Augusta, aged 29 years. (29 January 1851)

Died, on the 26th ult., James Walton (HILDERBRAND), eldest son of the Rev. Stephen and Matilda Hilderbrand, aged 10 years, 8 months and 6 days. (6 August 1851)

Died, on the 16th inst., of Cholera Infantum, Newton Brown (HILDERBRAND), son of Rev. Stephen and Matilda Hilderbrand, aged about 14 months and 25 days. (30 July 1851)

Died, in this place, on Thursday evening last, Mrs. Elizabeth HILL, wife of Reuben D. Hill, Esq., aged about 45 years. Several weeks ago her husband was stricken down, in Staunton, away from home, by a severe malady. The devoted woman . . . hastened to his side it was thought her husband had passed the crisis of his disease and was recovering. It gladdened her heart . . . but . . . before the day closed upon her she was violently attacked by a fearful illness . . . until the fifth day, when death came to her

relief member of the Methodist Church. *Republican Vindicator* (28 August 1850)

Died, on Wednesday evening last, Mr. James B. HILL, aged 84 years. (7 May 1851)

Died, on Monday the 5th inst., at the residence of her brother-in-law, Mr. Elias Strasburg, in this county, Miss Susan HILL, aged twenty-eight years and twenty-nine days. (21 August 1850)

Died, in Waynesboro', Augusta co., Va., on Sunday the 29th of June, at the residence of her son, Mr. John Wesley Reeder, Mrs. Rachel HINES, in the 58th year of her age, of Washington City, D. C. She was a ... member of the Methodist E. Church. (16 July 1851)

Died, on Thursday last, at the residence of her father Silas Hinton, Miss Sarah Margaret (HINTON). (1 January 1851) in the 26th year of her age. (15 January 1851)

Mr. Christian HOCKMAN and a little boy (———HOCKMAN), a son of Mr. Jonas Hockman, of Warren, were drowned on Saturday last while attempting to cross the Shenandoah river in a canoe. (29 May 1850)

Died, on Sunday morning the 8th instant, in the vicinity of Mt. Solon, Mr. Lorenzo HOUDASHELL, at the advanced age of 104 years, 4 months and 4 days emigrated to this country with his parents at an early age ... stood shoulder to shoulder with the revolutionary patriots his remains were committed to their final resting place on Monday by the Mt. Solon Artillery, under the command of Captain D. McFall. (18 September 1850)

Died, in Waynesboro', on the night of the 23d inst., Julia (HOWARD) ... the daughter of Mr. Edward Howard, aged 5 years. (31 December 1851)

Died, on the 5th instant, at Green Valley Hotel ... Mary Ellen (HOWELL), third daughter of Mr. James Howell, in the 14th year of her age connected herself with the Methodist Church. (16 October 1850)

Died, on Thursday last, at an advanced age, Mrs. ——— HUDSON. (7 May 1851)

Died, near Mt. Sidney, on Friday the 6th instant, Mrs. Susannah HUFF, in the 86th year of her age. (11 September 1850)

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—We regret to learn that Mr. Daniel HUMBERT, Jr., a son of Mr. Jacob Humbert, and who

resided near New Hope, in this county, was accidentally killed by a fall from a cart or market wagon, on Tuesday last was engaged in the butchering business, and had been to a neighbor's (Mr. Z. Johnston) near Mt. Meridian, to get some sheep had not been long married.—*Vin.* (20 August 1851)

Died, on Saturday, April 27th, at the house of her husband, near South River, Mrs. William HUNTER, aged 22 years and 2 months Married a little more than two years ago connected with the Presbyterian Church the daughter of the late John Alexander, near South River, and member of a family which has been often chastised by bereavements during the last few years. (14 May 1850)

Died, in this county on the 12th inst., Mr. Thomas HUTCHINS, in the 77th year of his age. (24 September 1851)

Died, on Wednesday morning last, at the residence of Mr. W. J. Gilkeson, of this County, Dr. John Hansford HYDE, aged about 21 years. (2 April 1851)

Died, on Friday the 2nd instant, at the residence of his father, David W. (IMBODEN), son of Mr. George Imboden, aged 11 years, 9 months and 1 day. (7 August 1850)

Died, in Greenville, on Monday the 5th inst., Julia Marshal (JACKSON), daughter of T. H. and Pamela Jackson, aged three years and eleven months. (14 August 1850)

Died, on Tuesday, the 28th inst., at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Robert Johnson, Mrs. Elizabeth JENNINGS, wife of Mr. John Jennings, in the 67th year of her age. (29 January 1851)

Died, on the 14th inst., Martha J. (KELLY), infant daughter of James and Mary Kelly, aged about two years. (23 July 1851)

Died, at the residence of his brothers, near Deerfield, on Monday the 25th ult., Archibald R. KINCAID, in the 17th year of his age. (6 March 1850)

Died, in Waynesboro', on Friday night the 5th inst. Mrs. Patsy KING, wife of Mr. W. W. King. (10 April 1850) Mrs. Martha KING ... in the 42d year of her age member of the Presbyterian Church. (17 April 1850)

Died, in this place, on Sunday last, Caroline (KINNEY), infant daughter of Rob't P. and Isabella Kinney. (10 December 1851)

SUDDEN DEATH.—A gloom was cast over our town on Friday last, by the sudden and unexpected death of Chesley KINNEY, Esq. ... was buried on Sunday morning last, with

Military and Masonic honors. (12 February 1851) Tributes of Respect: Staunton Light Infantry, 1st Lieut. Chesley Kinney; and Staunton Lodge No. 13.

Died, in this place on Friday morning last, Mary Chapman (KINNEY), infant daughter of Robert P. and Isabella Kinney, aged 2 years 7 months. (19 February 1851)

Died, on the 20th inst., in this place, at the residence of his father, Wm. Kinney, Esq., Dr. William KINNEY, in the 27th year of his age. (24 December 1851)

Died, near New Hope, on Thursday the 25th ult., (——— KOINER), infant son of Silas and Mary Koiner. (7 August 1850)

The examination of Benjamin Chandler, charged with killing John KOINER at Fishersville, in December last, was concluded yesterday. (30 January 1850)

Died, in the vicinity of Waynesboro', on Saturday the 1st inst., Mrs. Margaret KOINER, consort of Kasper Koiner, sen., in the 79th year of her age. (12 June 1850) ... at an early period of her life, united herself with the Evangelical Lutheran Church ... has left an aged husband, ten children, eighty-two grand children and twenty-nine great grand children. (19 June 1850)

Died, in this place, on Friday evening last, at an advanced age, Mrs. Margaret LEAS, relict of the late Jacob Leas, of this County. (22 May 1850)

Died, in this county, on Thursday morning November the 27th, at the residence of her father, Mr. James Lessley, Miss Margaret S. LESSLEY, aged 19 years, 7 months and 27 days. (3 December 1851)

Died, on Sunday afternoon last, the 5th inst., at the residence of David Fultz, Esq., of this place, Charles (LEWIS), infant son of Mr. John Lewis of Albemarle. (15 January 1851)

Died, in this place of Monday night last, Mrs. Margaret Ann (LEWIS), daughter of David Fultz, Esq., of Staunton, Va., and wife of Jno. O. Lewis, Esq., of this place.—*Scotts. Reg.* (12 November 1851) Only a few years ago she came among us, the lovely and youthful bride Fond parents — a devoted husband — a tender and helpless babe... are left. *Scottsville Register.* (19 November 1851)

Died, suddenly in Richmond, on Sunday the 9th ... Mrs. Nannie M. LINK, wife of Mr. Franklin H. Link of Augusta county, and eldest daughter of Mr. D. Trueheart. (19 February 1851)

Died, at his residence near Greenville, on Saturday the 3rd instant, Mr. Samuel LONG, in the 65th year of his age. (14 August 1850)

Died, on Tuesday the 14th inst., Mr. Martin MALIGAN, a native of the County Clare, Ireland. (22 May 1850)

Died, in this place on Sabbath last at 5 o'clock P. M., Mrs. Sarah B. (MAYSE), wife of Mr. James Mayse, in the 34th year of her age. (11 September 1850) She came to live in Staunton about four years ago, united herself to the Presbyterian Church in March, 1847. (18 September 1850)

Died, in this place, on Saturday last, Miss Catharine Ann McCLUN-, aged — years. (9 April 1851)

Died, on the 12th instant, Mrs. Rebecca J. McCLUNG, wife of Charles McClung, Esq., of Augusta County, in the 39th year of her age ... "Her children (seven in number, and all of tender years) arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, he praiseth her." (24 July 1850)

Died ... on Thursday the 1st inst., at 7 o'clock A. M., Douglass Stuart (McCUE), infant son of John and Ellen S. McCue. (7 May 1851)

Died, suddenly on Wednesday evening last, Mr. Patrick McNALLY, a native of Ireland, aged about 45. (15 January 1851)

Died, at his residence in this county, on the 10th inst., James McNUTT, Esq., in the 79th year of his age ... united with the church at New Providence ... was ... one of its ruling elders for near fifty years, and about the same length of time, a justice of the peace of Augusta county ... left a wife, a numerous family and many relations. (20 August 1851)

Died, near Spring Hill, in this county, on Saturday the 13th inst., Grace Adaline (MAUZY), infant daughter of Dr. C. K. Mauzy, aged 1 year, 11 months and 25 days. (24 December 1851)

Died, at the residence of her father, Mr. John Merritt, near Greenville, in this county, on the 14th inst., Miss Martha C. MERRITT, aged 20 years. (26 November 1851) (member) Bethel Church. (10 December 1851)

Died, on Sunday the 30th June, at the residence of James Points, Esq., Ann Eliza (MICHIE), and on Tuesday following, Mary Francis (MICHIE), infant and only children of John P. and Anne Maria L. Michie, the one 22 and the other 11 months old. (3 July 1850)

Died, at Belle Aire, the residence of the late Capt. James Michie, on Monday the 16th ultimo, James Octavius (MICHIE), son of Octavius G. and the late Mrs. Sarah Michie, aged 14 months. (2 October 1850)

Died, in this place, on Tuesday the 1 - th inst., Elizabeth (MILLER), infant daughter of Simon and Martha Miller. (27 November 1850)

Died, on the 26th ult., William C. (MITCHEL), infant son of Mr. Jos. T. Mitchel, aged about 18 months. (2 July 1851)

Stockton, Upper California, Sunday Evening, Dec. 9, '49. Letter from Mr. J. W. Paine, to the father of Mr. Jas. F. Moffett James T. MOFFETT is no more: — He departed this life on the 29th (?) of November. (10 April 1850)

Died, at the residence of his brother, near Scottsville, Albemarle, on the 5th inst., Mr. Benjamin MORRIS, for many years an inhabitant of this town. (16 April 1851)

Died, on the 26th ult., De Witt Samuel (MOWRY), son of George W. Mowry, Esq., aged 14 months. (6 February 1850)

Tribute of Respect. Nazarite Division No. 183, Sons of Temperance ... Middlebrook for George W. MUCK. (4 June 1851)

Died, in Spring Hill, on the 20th ultimo, Lucy Ann (MURRY), daughter of James and Sarah Murry, aged 2 years, 3 months and 20 days. (13 November 1850)

Died, near New Hope, on Thursday the 18th ult., James K. P. (MYERS), infant son of Isaac C. and Lucinda Myers. (7 August 1850)

Died, at Mt. Sidney, on Monday morning, March 4 ... Mr. Samuel MYERS, late of Front Royal, aged about 50 years. (20 March 1850)

Died, at the residence of her husband, in Clinton co., Indiana, on the 26th ult. Mrs. — NAHER, consort of Henry Naher, sen., formerly of Augusta county, Va., aged 69 years, 7 months and 29 days. (12 February 1851)

Died, at his residence in this county, on Wednesday the 23d inst., Mr. Franklin NELSON, in the 52d year of his age. (30 October 1850)

Died, on Thursday last, at an advanced age, Mrs. Polly PATTERSON, the widow of the late Jacob Kurtz. (21 May 1851)

Died, on Wednesday last, at Bellefonte, Mrs. Ann PATTESON, wife of Col. D. W. Patteson, aged — years. (2 April

1851) ... Bellefonte ... (her late home and paternal inheritance) member of the Presbyterian Church. (9 April 1851)

At a special communication of Staunton Lodge, No. 13, held ... Nov. 19th lodge convened for purpose of paying the last sad tribute of respect to the mortal remains of our deceased Brother, M. W. David W. PATTESON, P. G. M. of Virginia. But a few days since, our Brother left in perfect health, to discharge an official duty in the town of Charlottesville, (Thursday) seized with a fatal malady ... and ... lingered until Tuesday morning. (26 November 1851)

Died, in this place on the morning of the 28th ult., Mrs. Elizabeth PECK, Assistant Matron of the Western Asylum, and consort of Mr. John A. Peck. (6 March 1850)

Died, near West Point, Missouri, on the 25th of July, Jacob E. PECK, son of John H. Peck, formerly of this place. (4 September 1850)

Died, on Monday last, at her residence near this place, Mrs. Ann M. PEYTON, widow of the late John H. Peyton, Esq. (17 July 1850) Died, at Montgomery Hall ... the 15th of July ... widow of John Howe Peyton, dec'd. She was the daughter of John Lewis and Mary Preston; was born at the Sweet Springs on the 3rd of March, 1803; was married on the 13th of September, 1821, and from that time resided in and near Staunton mother of ten children. (24 July 1850)

Died, on Tuesday the 9th inst., after a brief illness, Mr. William PITMAN, for many years a resident of this place. (17 July 1850)

Died, in this place on Monday evening last, John David (POINTS), son of Mr. David Points, aged about 15 years. (31 December 1851)

Died, in this place, on Friday night last ... Mrs. Eliza A. POTTER, wife of Wm. J. Potter, aged about 22 years. (5 February 1851)

Died, on Wednesday morning last, James POTTER, aged about 16 years. (23 April 1851)

Died, on the 13th ult., at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Michael Sownings, Mr. Moses POWERS, aged about 70 years. (7 May 1851)

Died, on the — ultimo, Mr. Samuel PULLEN, in the 89th year of his age born in Augusta ... at the battle of Guilford Court-house ... member of the Methodist Church, and like a ripe

shock has been gathered into the garner of his Lord. (9 October 1850)

Died, in this town, on Sunday evening last ... Mr. Michael QUINLAN, aged about 70 years member of the Catholic Church. (29 May 1850)

Died, on Thursday night, the 22d inst., at his residence on South River, in this county, Mr. John RAMSAY, aged upwards of 80 years. (4 June 1851)

Died, on Thursday night last, near this place, Mr. John R. REYNOLDS, aged 80 years. (22 January 1851)

Died, at the residence of his father, near Mt. Solon, on the 23rd ult., Mr. Peachy H. RIMEL, son of Rev. George A. Rimel, in the 19th year of his age. (6 March 1850)

Died, about the 1st of February last, at her residence on the Long Meadows, in this County, Mrs. Margaret ROOTES, aged about 65 years. (5 March 1851)

Died, near Mt. Sidney, on the 18th ult., of bleeding at the nose, Robert Mortimer (ROOTES), son of William M. and Elizabeth Rootes, aged 3 years, 8 months and 22 days. (4 December 1850)

FATAL AFFRAY. — An altercation took place at New Hope on Friday last, the day of the general muster of the 32nd Regiment, between John Patterson of this County, and a man named ROSS, which resulted in the death of the latter. Incensed at some remarks made by Ross, Patterson ... threw him to the ground, giving him a kick as he fell In the opinion of the Physicians, death was caused by concussion of the brain, produced by the fall. (14 May 1851)

Died ... in this place, on Wednesday evening last, Dr. Alexander St. CLAIR, aged about 52 years. (12 February 1851)

DEATH FROM INTEMPERANCE. — A Coroner's Inquest was held over the body of a man named J. H. SAXTON, near the 'Old Furnace,' in this county, one day last week. He is from Augusta county, Virginia, and traveled in the character of a writing teacher was a thick set man one of the most debased subjects of intemperance Verdict of inquest: — Death from intemperance and exposure. — *Free Press* (12 June 1850)

Died, on Wednesday the 30th ult., near Mt. Sidney, in this county, Miss Catharine SHEETS, daughter of Mr. Jonathan Sheets, aged 13 years, 9 months and 13 days. (13 August 1851)

Died, near Mt. Sidney, on Saturday the 27th ult., Mr. Peter SHEETS, an aged and respectable citizen of this county. (7 August 1850)

Died, near this place, on Thursday evening last ... Mr. Samuel SHEETS, formerly of Rockingham, but for many years a citizen of this County, aged about 50 years. (9 July 1851)

Died, on Monday morning, the 6th inst., at her residence near this place, Mrs. — SHUMATE, wife of Mr. W. J. Shumate. (15 January 1851) ... Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Wm. Shumate ... member of a Presbyterian Church in Rockingham. (22 January 1851)

Died, near Parnassus, in this county, on Sunday evening the 10th inst., Mr. Andrew SILLING, aged about 84 years. (20 August 1851)

Died, at Dayton, Ohio, on the 15th instant ... Lucius Q. SMITH, Esq., formerly of this place. (28 August 1850)

Died, on the 18th instant, at the residence of her father, in Spring Hill, Augusta County, Mrs. Sarah J C SMITH, aged 18 years, 9 months and 11 days ... leaves a husband, one child. (23 October 1850)

Died (paper creased in microfilming) SNAPP, in the — year of his age. (19 February 1851)

On Thursday the 25th inst., on the Big Calf Pasture river, Adam SNYDER, son of Martin and Nancy Snyder, aged 12 years and 5 days. (31 July 1850)

Died, on Tuesday the 3d inst., at his residence in this county, of Inflammation of the brain, Michael SOANES, aged about 38 years. (11 June 1851)

Died, in November last, of Small Pox, at Augusta, Georgia, Mr. William H. SPECK, formerly of Staunton. (19 March 1851)

Died, on Monday night last, Samuel STERRETT, son of Mr. David Sterrett, of this County, aged about 17 years. (8 May 1850)

Died, in this place, on Monday night last, Mrs. — STEVENSON, wife of Levi L. Stevenson, Esq. (30 October 1850)

Died, at his residence near Waynesboro', on the 15th ult., Maj. Archibald STUART, in the 71st year of his age an invalid for many years a most worthy member of a family, many individuals of which, have reflected high honors on their native county. His military title was won by service in the last war with England ... Church Trustee In the Presbyterian Church of

Tinkling Spring, of which, since 1833, he was a member . . . left two sons and three daughters. (16 January 1850)

Died, on the — inst., at his residence in Greenbrier County, Charles A. STUART, Esq., formerly a highly respected citizen of this county. (21 August 1850)

Died, on the — ultimo, Mr. John STUART, in the 90th year of his age was born in Augusta, and was at the surrender of Cornwallis, under Gen. Washington member of the Methodist Church. (9 October 1850)

Died, at Seguire, Texas, on the 6th October last, Mrs. Phebe STUART, wife of Charles A. Stuart, Esq. (11 December 1850) She died in the 29th year of her age, leaving her husband and three children of very tender age was the oldest child of Dr. James Wilson, dec'd, and grand daughter of the late Rev. William Wilson, formerly pastor of the Augusta Church. She removed from this County about one year ago. (18 December 1850)

GEORGE W. TAYLOR. — Late intelligence from California brings the melancholy tidings of this . . . young man's decease left this County nearly three years ago, and died in Maraposa, on the 24th of September. (26 November 1851)

Died, on the 19th inst., at the residence of her brother, Mark Taylor, near Waynesboro', Miss Mary TAYLOR. (30 April 1851)

Died, in this place, on Monday last, Charles (TEAGLE), infant son of Mr. William H. Teagle. (21 August 1850)

Died, in this place, on Wednesday the 1st inst., Mrs. Mary TEBO, relict of Abraham Tebo, dec'd, aged about 74. (15 January 1851)

Died, on Friday the 10th inst., at his residence in this county, Mr. John S. THOMPSON, (22 January 1851)

Died, on the 6th of April last near Turnersville, Robinson County, Tennessee, Mr. William THOMPSON, in the 93d year of his age had been a citizen of this County for many years, and also, of Buckingham County. (24 July 1850)

Died, on the 20th ult., Mrs. Louisa F. TOLER, consort of Capt. William L. Toler, and eldest daughter of John A. and Mary W. Harris, dec'd., aged 27. (26 March 1851)

Died, in this place on Friday evening last, Mrs. Jane TRAYER, wife of Daniel Trayer, sen. (26 June 1850)

Died, in Greenville, on the 20th of July, Mrs. Ann E. VALENTINE, wife of Mr. Richard Valentine, aged 32 years. (14 August 1850)

Died, on Thursday, the 4th inst., Mrs. — VAN LEAR, wife of Mr. William Van Lear, of this County. (10 April 1850)

Died, on Sunday afternoon last . . . Rev. John A. VAN LEAR, Pastor of Mossy Creek Presbyterian Church, in this County. (21 August 1850) After a lingering and painful illness of nearly eighteen months, this pious and useful minister expired, on the 18th ult., in the 53d year of his age was among the youngest of a large family reared . . . by pious parents joined the Presbyterian Church under the ministry of Rev. Sam'l McNutt, in that portion of Montgomery county now forming Pulaski pursued his literary and part of his theological studies at Hampden Sidney College, under the Rev. Dr. Hoge. His professional education was completed under Dr. Speece . . . was licensed by Lexington Presbytery in 1824 and ordained in 1825 married about twenty years since a daughter of Major Wm. Bell, of Augusta county, whom he has left with six children was first settled with the Church of Locust Bottom, now in the Presbytery of Montgomery, and for the last thirteen years as pastor of the Church of Mossy Creek. (11 September 1850)

Died . . . on Monday night the 24th ult., near Mt. Solon, Augusta co., John M. VAN LEAR, second son of the Rev. J. A. Van Lear, dec'd., in the 16th year of his age. (5 March 1851)

Died, at his father's residence in Augusta county, Robert Henry VAN LEAR, (son of Rob't and Margaret Van Lear,) in his 17th year. (5 November 1851)

Died, at the residence of Capt. Richardson, Charlotte county, on Saturday the 15th inst., Kitty E. (WADDELL), second daughter of Dr. L. Waddell of Waynesboro', in the 20th year of her age her body sleeps at the Briery Parsonage in Prince Edward, side by side with one of the same name and kindred blood. (26 June 1850)

Died, on Wednesday morning last . . . Ann Eliza (WALLACE), daughter of Mrs. Eliza Wallace, of this place, aged about 10 years. (10 April 1850)

Died, in this county, on Wednesday last, Ann Elizabeth (WELDON), infant daughter of John H. and Jane Ann Weldon, aged near six years. (19 March 1851)

Died, on the morning of the 13th of April . . . Sarah Jane (WELDON), youngest daughter of John Henry and Jane Ann Weldon, aged one year and five months. (24 April 1850)

Died, on Saturday last, the 9th inst., Mrs. Catherine WELLEN, wife of Osberne Wellen, of this place, in the 36th year of her age. (13 March 1850)

Died, on Wednesday, the 18th inst., William Francis (WELLEN), son of Osborne Wellen. (26 June 1850)

Died, on the 13th of June, near Metamora, Woodford county, Illinois, Mr. David G. WENGER, (formerly of Augusta,) in the 27th year of his age. (23 July 1851)

Died, at her residence in Greenville, in this county, on the 11th day of Oct. last, Mrs. Elizabeth WHIEE, aged 52 years member of the Presbyterian Church. (10 December 1851)

Died, in this place, on Wednesday last, Mr. Richard WILLIAMS, aged about 80 years. (20 August 1851)

Died, at her residence in this county, on the 27th ult., Mrs. Hetty WILLSON, consort of the late Rev. J. C. Willson. (6 March 1850) . . . in the Pastures . . . in the 65th year of her age daughter of the Rev. Mr. Montgomery, for many years . . . pastor of Rocky Spring, Lebanon and Windy Cove Churches — Reared by pious parents, she became a member of the Church of her fathers at fifteen About twenty years since she married Rev. James C. Wilson, of Waynesboro', and became a mother . . . to his motherless children. (20 March 1850)

Died, near Fishersville, on Sunday the 2d inst., Sophronia E. (WILLSON), second daughter of George W. and Laura M. Willson, aged 9 years and 7 months. (19 February 1851)

Died, on Monday evening, the 11th instant, at her residence in this County, Mrs. Elizabeth WILSON, in the 78th year of her age. (20 November 1850)

Died, on Wednesday morning the 21st inst., Mrs. Margaret F. WILSON, wife of Mr. Robert K. Wilson. (28 May 1851)

Died, at the residence of her husband, in Churchville, on the 26th ult., Mrs. Rachel (WILSON), wife of Dr. Joseph Wilson. (5 February 1851)

Died, on the 15th inst., at Mrs. Eliza Hanger's William Winters WILSON, aged 7 months and 25 days, the only child of William M. and Jane C. Wilson. (30 April 1851)

Died, at the residence of Mr. W. G. Young, Monroe, Co., Va., on the 31st ultimo, Mr. Andrew Young WINDLE, aged

about 23 years — and a native of Augusta County member of the Presbyterian Church has left a wife and three children. (18 June 1851)

Died, in this place on Tuesday last, at an advanced age, Mrs. ——— WOODS, relict of Stephen Woods, dec'd. (25 December 1850)

Died, on the 20th of August last, at his residence in Montgomery county, Indiana, Mr. Joseph WRIGHT, formerly of Augusta county, Virginia. (17 September 1851)

Died, on Wednesday the 30th ult., in the eleventh year of his age, Wm. YESSLER, oldest son of Mr. Michael Yessler of this county. (6 August 1851)

In 1850 the *Staunton Spectator and General Advertiser* was changed to *Staunton Spectator*.

Twenty-Fifth of a Series
OLD HOMES OF AUGUSTA COUNTY

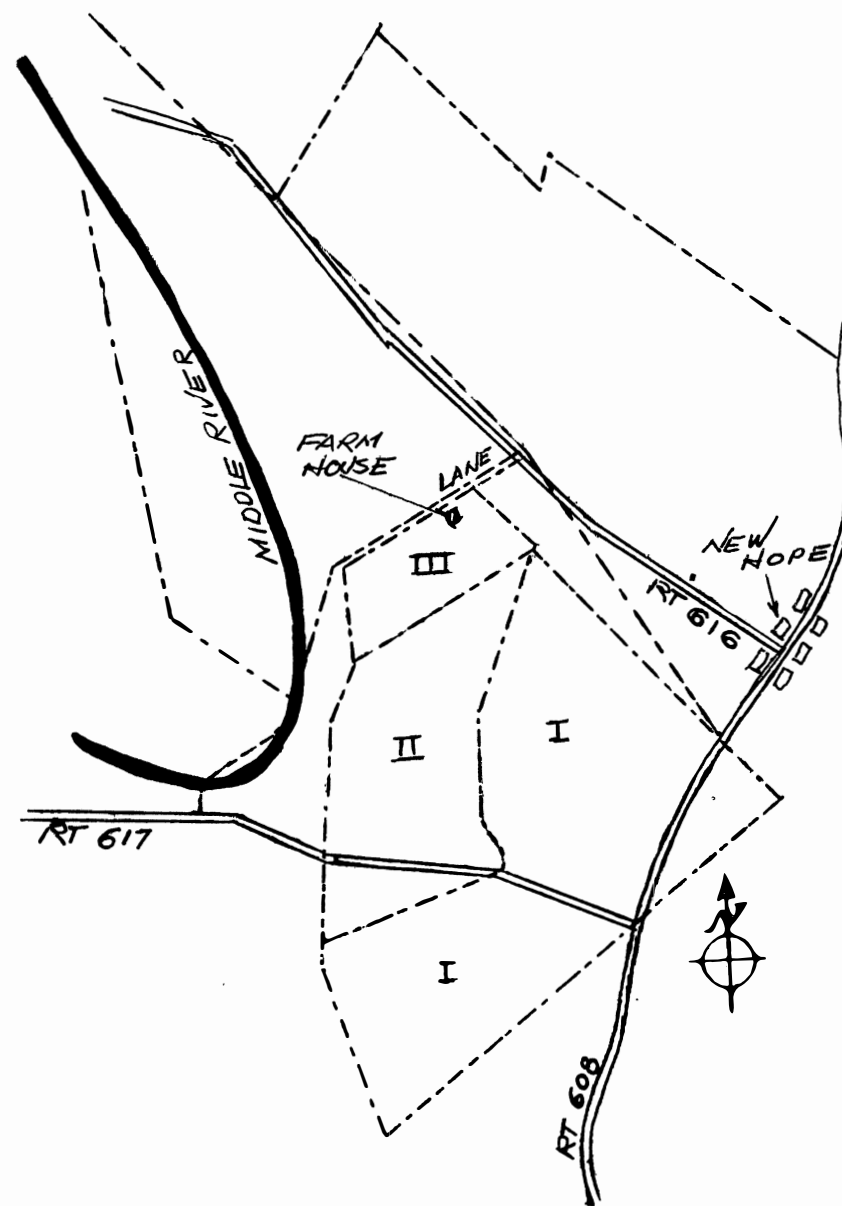
"Black Oak Spring"
 Being the Home of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Mehler
 New Hope, Virginia (Route 616)
 by Gladys B. Clem

It was on May 23, 1763, some 217 years ago that George III of England issued a grant of land, consisting of 26 acres to one William Kerr. It was known as "Black Oak Springs," owing to the cluster of Oaks growing about the place. It is located in the gently rolling terrain of Augusta County about one mile west of New Hope.



Sideview of "Black Oak Springs" showing of flange about edge of roof-line.
 (Courtesy of William Bushman)

Kerr sold a sizable amount of acreage to Edward Rutledge, who had emigrated from northern Ireland where he had been born about 1725. It was thought he came to America between 1735-1740. Married to Sarah Armstrong, he had fathered six children. In 1784, he and his wife had given 143 acres to his eldest son, James. This land, on Middle River, included the "Black Oak Spring" property.



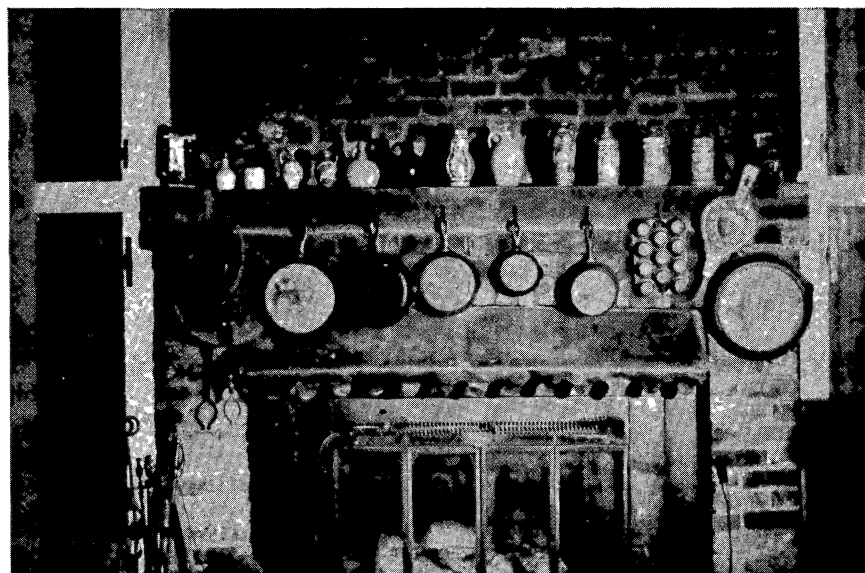
KEY
 I & II: J. KERR GRANT 1749, FLAG SPRING
 III: E. RUTLEDGE, GRANT 1763
 II & III: GIFT, E. RUTLEDGE TO JAMES RUTLEDGE, 1784,
 BLACK OAK SPRING
 I-I: GIFT TO GEORGE RUTLEDGE, 1786

(Courtesy A. J. Mehler)

It is thought that James built the present dwelling, since Edward died in 1787. Since that time, it has come into the ownership of several other families. It was purchased by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Mehler in 1944. Here they raised their two sons, Eric and Marc, Jr.

The dwelling is of brick construction, laid in Flemish bond design, and shows in many aspects, marks of Hessian workmanship, as many of the German soldiers, employed by King George in the American War for Independence, were around the area of Augusta County at that time.

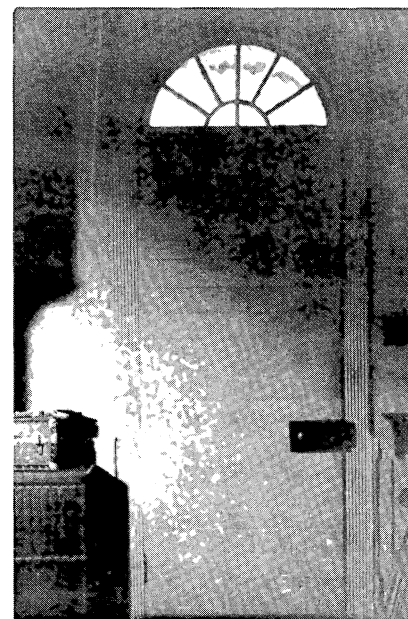
It is constructed in the popular "2 up and 2 down" style, with the kitchen added on as an "ell" to the main part of the house. This was the custom at that time as it kept the heat out of the house and also reduced the danger of fire — there being no electric fans or air conditioners then.



Kitchen shows wide fireplace and cooking utensils.

(Courtesy of William Bushman)

A lovely circular fanlight over the front doorway allows the light to enter the center hall. The door is of double thickness. The outside door is of the Christian Cross design, while the inside is formed of narrow strip-like boards. Using this criss-cross method of construction would deflect the Indian's arrows, it was believed. It had not been but a few years since the Crawfords had



Door is crossbarred inside and Christian cross outside.

(Courtesy of William Bushman)



Woodwork is perpendicular in design with each corner in a different design in each room.

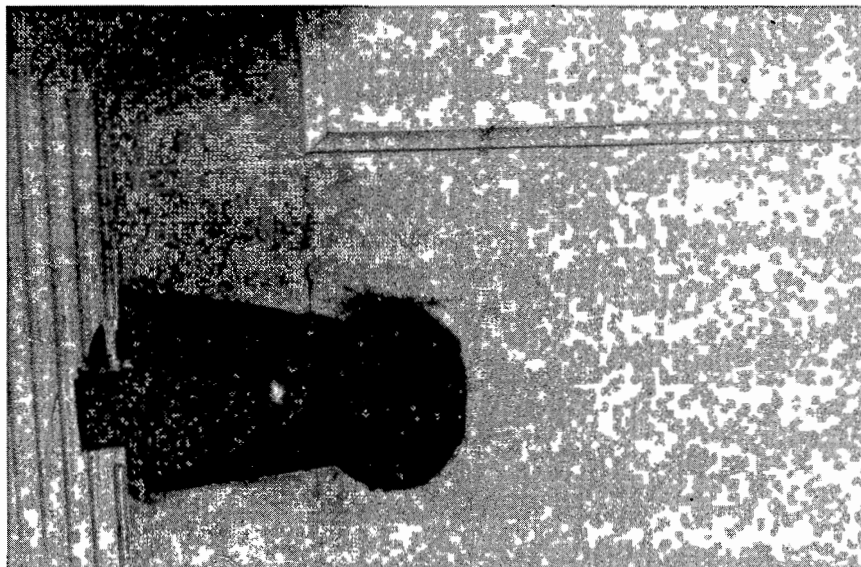
(Courtesy of William Bushman)

been massacred near Churchville so possibly the Rutledges had this in mind when they built their home. The original door fastenings are still in use with the English type lock and heavy brass key.

Just inside the front door is a great grandfather's clock which is characteristic of the other furnishings. On the opposite wall there hangs an oil painting of "Black Oak Springs" which was painted by Mrs. Mehler in years past.

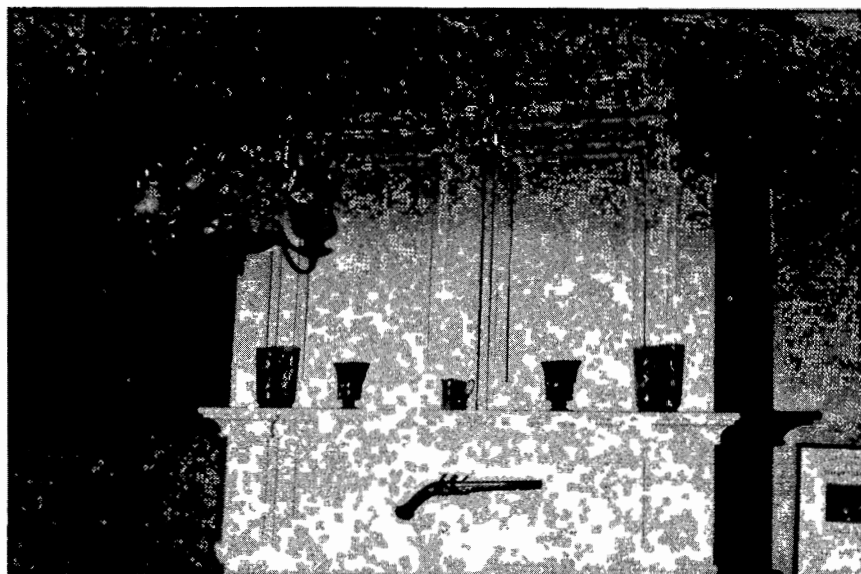
The floors are of random width pine which show the evidence of much waxing through the years. The woodwork in the hall is paneled from the foot of the stairs to the upstairs landing. The stairway is original and the paneling beneath the stair, with its matching stair rail is made of one single broad board.

The stair rails and cornices in the two rooms on the lower floor are plain in concept. The doorways and window frames are carved in a plain but beaded design, with the corners of each room carved in a different pattern. The four main rooms are proportionate in size. The thickness of the walls is noted by the



Upstairs rooms have "butterfly" hinges.

(Courtesy of William Bushman)



Wide Mantel showing treatment above it and ceiling.

(Courtesy of William Bushman)

Original stairway showing wide stair panel.

(Courtesy of William Bushman)



wide lintels of the doorways. Each of the rooms have extra large fireplaces, capable of burning 4 foot logs. This was no problem as there was always plenty of wood available with plenty of servants to see that a good supply of logs was always near.

The mantels are plain, with a pair of panels set into the wall above with a corresponding cornice that continues the same design into and across the ceiling.

The windows are deeply embrasured and are high in relation to their width. The windows on the lower floor being the popular "9 over 9", and those on the second floor being "9 over 6." Two small windows on either side of the chimneys give light and air into the attic which is floored. It is in the attic that the broad beams of the original construction can be seen.

The kitchen was always the focal point of the home. All the 18th century kitchen are still there — the long fire tongs, the pikers, the bellows, and even a pair of bed warmers. All of these hang from a wide mantel shelf above the fireplace. The shelf also has other uses, since Mrs. Mehler uses it to display a collection of prized steins and antique mugs.

Some years ago, the kitchen and the main house were joined by an areaway which made the house more comfortable in the winter months. At the same time, architectural changes were made in the front entrance, when a small portico was constructed over the front door. A dado of black and white brick enhance the coping about the eaves which provide an unusual decorative touch to the roof line.

If James Rutledge could come alive, he could walk right up to his front door, turn the knob and come in to find there was little change since the years he and his family had called it home.

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Compiled by Elizabeth F. Moody

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Mr. Norman Carroll Guynn

Mr. Richard Donald Hamilton*

Mrs. Lucius F. Shelburne

*Charter member of the society

NEW MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY

SINCE APRIL, 1980

Mrs. Anna Shue Atkins, Chesterfield, Virginia

Ms. Elizabeth A. Bray, Staunton, Virginia

Lt. Col. and Mrs. James A. Bundy, Raphine, Virginia

Mrs. Bill T. Crawford, Columbia, Missouri

Mr. Ernest R. Fraley, San Diego, California

Mr. Howard D. Haynes, Kansas City, Missouri

Mr. and Mrs. Albert T. Hickin, Spottswood, Virginia

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Holt, Staunton, Virginia

Mr. William H. Kiblinger, Mineral, Virginia

Mrs. W. E. McNeal, Augusta, Georgia

Mrs. Dick J. Nelson, Silver Lake, Indiana

Lt. Col. and Mrs. E. W. Parkins, Fort Defiance, Virginia

Mr. and Mrs. Mark W. Perry, Ellicott City, Maryland

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Mrs. Hildreth E. Williams, Fort Wayne, Indiana

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